

THE CRITIC



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No. 6

The Lounger

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE has just reached her eighty-fifth birthday, but you would have to hear her say so, or look into a copy of "Who's Who in America," to believe it. Mrs. Howe was in New York visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Elliott, only a short time ago, and I had the pleasure of meeting her in Mr. Elliott's studio. I have known Mrs. Howe for a great many years—ever since I was a child—but I have never known her to be brighter or more interested in what is going on around her than she is to-day. Her portrait, by Mr. Elliott, represents her as being a very old woman, which of course she is, as far as years go, but she does not really look as old as the portrait makes her out to be. Mr. Elliott has got her eyes exactly; he has given them the expression that they might have had on that memorable night when she sprang from her bed and, under the influence of inspiration, wrote the famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic." "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord" is the opening line of this poem, and the expression in the eyes of this portrait is that of one who did indeed see the glory of the coming of the Lord. This portrait of Mrs. Howe has just been purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it will have its permanent

place. The museum is to be congratulated, but why was Boston caught napping?



Mr. Elliott had a most interesting exhibition in New York during April. It was, as one might say, small and select. There were not many pictures in it, but they showed much variety of style and subject. Mr. Elliott is a painter of undoubtedly refinement and delicacy, and yet there is a noticeable vigor in his work, not only in his decorations for the Boston Library but in his portraits.



The Browning poem, "A Miniature," published in the April number of THE CRITIC, was not a Browning poem after all. It came to this office through such convincing sources that its authenticity was not questioned. Now Dr. Furnivall, who stood sponsor for it, says, in *The Westminster Gazette*: "A poem lately reprinted and circulated by me as Browning's—'A Miniature,' from the Rugby magazine, *The Sibyl*,—has been declared by the editor of that extinct journal to be the work of a Mrs. Watts-Jones. It is the cleverest and best imitation of Browning's handicraft that I have ever seen, and completely took in many of us old Browningites."



E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

If Dr. Furnivall could be deceived in a matter of this sort, it is not surprising that the editor of *THE CRITIC* was equally credulous in the matter.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim has already reached the position of a successful author. His latest book sprang suddenly into popular favor in this country. His first book to attract wide attention was "The Traitors." His new one, in a very different vein, is "Anna the Adventuress," an amusing study of the character of two sisters,

Anna and Annabel. Mr. Oppenheim is only thirty-five years of age. He is an Englishman with a Boston wife. Messrs Dodd, Mead & Co. published "The Traitors," Messrs Little, Brown & Co. "Anna the Adventuress."

In reply to a letter from an Italian editor, Mark Twain, who is now in Italy, wrote:

I shall be glad to receive that copy of the *Antologia* and I thank you. I shall try to read it—and fail, as I can't read anything higher up than newspaper Italian. I have neglected the living

languages and shall not learn the dead ones until I am dead and need them.

If death is the price of dead languages, let us hope it will be a long time before Mr. Clemens learns to speak them.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow has recently paid a short visit to this his native country. His permanent home—if the term "permanent" may really now be applied to such a bird of passage as he—is in Munich, where his children are now disporting themselves in cosy apartments on Kaulbachstrasse. During the course of a month he fulfilled a number of engagements to lecture, both East and West. Mr. Bigelow has accepted the newly created chair of Colonial Policy and Economy at Boston University, and will assume his new duties during the coming winter. Meantime he has made arrangements with Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co. for another trip around the world, the results of which are first to appear in their magazine, and later on in book form. The trip is to be undertaken for a specific purpose, namely, for the close and impartial investigation of governmental and economic methods employed at present in a number of the less known colonies, particularly in Africa. With that end in view he will visit, amongst others, the German colonies both on the West and East coasts. One of these is German Southwest Africa, where a war is on with the rebellious Hereros and Hottentots. The little-known French colony of Djibouti, adjoining Abyssinia, will also come in for a share of his attention. Cape Colony and the former Boer states will be critically judged as to their condition under re-established British sovereignty. Probably a part of the Far East will be investigated for a similar purpose.

This is the latest portrait of Mrs. John Van Vorst, the author of "The



MRS. JOHN VAN VORST

Woman Who Toils" and "The Issues of Life," but it is not a particularly good one. Mrs. Van Vorst is again in Paris, where she has made her home for many years.

In the March number of *THE CRITIC*, I quoted Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman's theory that women were to be blamed for part of the loss of life in the Chicago theatre disaster. She argued that women were encouraged to be excitable and timid, and that their panic-at-a-mouse tendency is transmitted to their sons—with terrible results in panic on a larger scale. Apropos of this a reader of *THE CRITIC* writes from Riverside, California:

Picking up the March *CRITIC*, away on this other side of the continent, I was especially interested in Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman's curious conclusions in the matter of the Iroquois fire in Chicago. I should never dream of setting up my amateur opinions in opposition to Mrs. Gilman's carefully thought out theories, but there is no harm in telling a little tale that illustrates another point of view.



MR. STEWART EDWARD WHITE

I have met, this winter, here at Riverside, a young man whose sister was in the theatre that dreadful afternoon. She was the hostess of a box-party, made up wholly of her school-girl friends—seven of them I think—and succeeded in "getting them all out alive," as her brother puts it. When I asked him how she was able to do it, he said, "Well, you see, she's captain of her basket-ball team, and used to seeing and acting quick. And she's an athletic sort."

"The monthly paper that I edit," writes Miss Isabel McDougal, "has an

enormous circulation among people of the farms and country villages. We are running in it as a serial "The Claim Jumpers," one of Stewart Edward White's early stories, and we requested of the author one of his portraits to use with it. You may see by the photograph I send you how gallant a figure the young author cuts, with his dog, his putties, and his broad-brimmed cowboy hat. Here is a letter proving that the heart of the country maid is susceptible to others than the matinée idol :

DEAR SIR : I know you will be surprised when you read what I have to ask you. I am asking you to do me a small favor. I saw in the *Woman's World* a picture which attracted my attention and set me to wondering it was of a young man very nice looking, and I am at a loss whether it is a real photo or a painted one. I will send you the picture and sincerely hope you can tell me something about it. I think he was the Author of the story the claim jumper, but am not shure now. I hope you will not throw this in the wast basket and let it go at that. I want to hear from you soon. I will be a thousand times obliged. yours sincerely

P. S. if this man be single and you ever chance to see him give him my P. O. address or let him see this letter you will be doing me a great favor and you will never regret it.



There seems to be no end to the number of really good authors who are cropping up. Outside journalistic circles Miss Miriam Michelson was unknown a few weeks ago. To-day every one who reads novels has read "In the Bishop's Carriage" and enjoyed it. It

is a striking book. Miss Michelson is a trained journalist, and she knows how to blue-pencil herself.

28

Dr. Rolfe's edition of Shakespeare, in forty volumes, is entirely reset and re-edited for school use. Apparently there is no envy, hatred, and malice between Shakespearian scholars, for Dr. Horace Howard Furness has written to Dr. Rolfe:

Thanks and ever thanks for this new "Lear." I have looked it through with care, and, good as your former edition is, this is, out of all whooping, better. Your notes are all solid, nutritious food, none of your innutritious chaff about texts. This present edition is a delightful exponent of the advance the whole Shakespearian world has taken within the last twenty-five years.

29

Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. have had the good fortune to obtain the American rights of the Great Masters series, published in London by William Heinemann with phenomenal success. These reproductions are made by a new process invented by Mr. Bendixon, the inventor of the phonograph, and while they can be sold for an extremely low price the process is even finer than that of photogravure.

30

The room for missionary work both in Porto Rico and New York was illustrated by an incident recently occurring in the office of a prominent New York magazine. A subscriber in Porto Rico wrote to the magazine saying: "In a recent issue you mentioned 'The Proverbs of Solomon.' Will you kindly tell me where I can get a copy of this book and at what price?" And the subscription department of the magazine came to the editorial department to get the information!

31

The publishers of "Aladdin & Co.," Messrs. Holt, tell us that ex-Mayor Herbert Quick of Sioux City, is "an

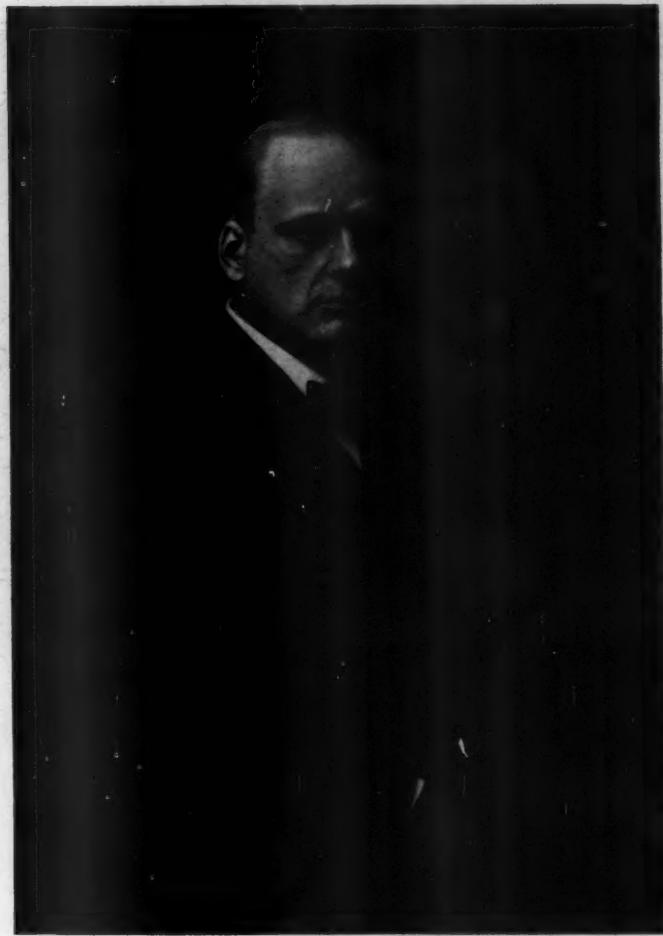


MISS MIRIAM MICHELSON

active man." A man who has been a mayor of such a hustling town as Sioux City, and who is distinguished by the name of Quick, could hardly fail to be active.

32

Mr. Joseph C. Lincoln, author of "Cap'n Eri," was born in Brewster, Mass., on February 13, 1870. Brewster is a typical Cape Cod town, settled by the Pilgrims or their descendants soon after the landing at Plymouth, and was named for Elder Brewster, one of the *Mayflower's* passengers. It is—or rather was, for Cape Cod life has changed greatly in the past twenty years—the home of retired sea captains and ship-owners, and all of Mr. Lincoln's early associations had to do with the sea. That the love for salt water in the author of "Cap'n Eri" is a natural inheritance is proven by the fact that his father, Joseph Lincoln, ran away to sea at the age of fourteen, was



MR. HERBERT QUICK

captain of a full-rigged ship when he was twenty-three, and died in the harness while on a voyage to Charleston, S. C., in December of the year in which his son was born. From his mother also Mr. Lincoln inherited a love for the ocean. Her only brother followed the sea and her ancestors for generations had sailed back and forth over the wet parts of the world. In this little 'longshore village' Mr. Lincoln spent his boyhood, and to it he returns each summer for rest and the renewal of old associations.

He attended the village schools at

Brewster until he was twelve years old, when, with his mother, he left the Cape to live in one of the Boston suburbs and to complete his education in the schools of Boston.

After some experience in business and banking houses, Mr. Lincoln decided that as a banker or bookkeeper he would not, nor did he desire to, shine, and, having some natural talent for drawing, he determined to study art. He entered the class of Henry Sandham, the well-known illustrator, and remained there for some time, making pictures and thoroughly en-

joying it. In company with a friend, another student, he rented a small studio in Pemberton Square, Boston, where many drawings were made and a few sold. This little trip into Bohemia he counts as one of the pleasantest experiences of his life. Mr. Lincoln now lives with his wife and son at Hackensack, N. J., which is about as far from Bohemia as any place I know.

22

On another page of THE CRITIC will be found a review of Miss Margery Williams's novel, "The Price of Youth," which the reviewer places second to Miss Glasgow's "The Deliverance."

23

I have received a number of anonymous letters lately to which, of course, I can pay no attention. Some of them have been signed by names but without addresses. I have looked in the directory to see if any such persons existed, but have not found them. It seems to me that if a man is not ashamed of what he wants to say he will sign his name and give his address. It cer-



MR. JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

tainly is the only way to receive any attention, for the writing of an anonymous letter is about as low a thing as a person can be guilty of. It is not only low but it is cowardly.

24

Miss Jane Addams is engaged on a new book, which will have quite a Tolstoyan title, "The Newer Ideals of Peace." It will not be ready for publication for some time, for the founder of Hull House can only work at it by snatches. Her time is seldom her own. From the Greek fruit peddler who is taken alarmingly ill, from the Hungarian urchin chased by the police, to the ward garbage inspector, or the directors of the Civic Federation, all demand Miss Addams's assistance, and all receive it. When she wants to do any literary work she has to flee to a hiding-place in a friend's house, for in her own home she is at every one's beck and call.

If a ballot were taken on the question, Who is Chicago's most eminent citizen? I believe Miss Addams would be found to head the list. Mayor Harrison is widely known politically, and Theodore Thomas musically, but have



MISS MARGERY WILLIAMS



MISS JANE ADDAMS
(The founder of Hull House)

their reputations or their work made any impression on, let us say, Russia, France, or Italy?

22

Some one says that foreign nations form a sort of contemporaneous posterity. At the time of the Paris Exposition, Miss Addams was trying to obtain some information as to the status of social settlements in Europe from a really famous sociologist. But the very name of settlement seemed unknown to him. As clearly as she could she explained the spirit and aims of a settlement. Then he understood. "*Mais oui! parfaitement!*" Madame means a 'hullhouse.' Here was an individual instance so famed that it became a generic title.

In the famous conferences of that Exposition year, Frenchmen, with all their gallantry, did not entirely relish woman's share—at least on the more serious subjects. It puzzled them greatly that the United States should have sent a woman delegate to confer on sociology with the deep thinkers of the old world. They treated her with an extraordinary amount of deference. They opened doors, they handed chairs, they bowed, they rose to their feet on her appearance; but they showed not the least regard for her opinion,—that is, at the opening of the conferences. By the end they had learned that this gentle lady, who made no claims, stayed contentedly in the background, spoke only when asked to do so, could speak straight to the point, knew her subject thoroughly, and was full of information and ideas they were glad to elicit. To their credit be it said that they acknowledged her value in the most flattering way, by eagerly consulting her.

23

It is nothing new for Miss Addams to win people over. The most obstinate and grasping of landlords will grant needed repairs, or open his purse-strings for a cause set before him in Miss Addams's direct, unaffected manner, with a quiet confidence that he will do the right thing. Truly, "in

quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

And yet Hull House has not at its head a successful money-getter, like the University of Chicago. It is often said to-day that men of great wealth acquired by questionable means give donations to worthy objects as a sort of moral whitewash. So far as I know Hull House is the only institution which has the gifts of a rich man, because it disapproved of the origin of his riches.

"I remember," writes a friend in Chicago, "Miss Addams referring, not at all sensationally, one day to 'the first murderer I ever knew,' as though all her acquaintance lay among criminals."

That first murderer she ever met "was a steady, decent emigrant, defending his old father from hoodlums, and badgered by them into shooting. Miss Addams's influence for him lay in understanding and making others understand his confused, unhappy condition. It was part of her boundless compassion for ignorant, helpless foreigners cast from a Russian ghetto or a Sicilian farm into the bustle of a great alien city. The same feeling led her to the unpopular step of going bail for some so-called Anarchists, when, shortly after President McKinley's death, the police had out a drag-net for every one of radical ideas. Among the suspects were bewildered girls of seventeen, who had visited at a flat on one of whose floors lived a man who was believed to be an acquaintance of a woman who talked anarchy!"

24

It is hard for those who only know Miss Elizabeth Robins by her most famous book, "The Open Question," to realize that she is the author of "The Magnetic North." The two books are as opposite as the poles. "The Open Question" is a problem novel; "The Magnetic North" is a story of adventure. Miss Robins got her facts at first hand. She went to the Klondyke for them and spent a winter at Cape Nome. Her adventurous spirit came near costing her her life, but I am happy to say that she is now well again and more



MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS

vigorous than ever. "The Magnetic North" has had a great success in England and it should have a greater success in this country, where the scene is laid and to which Miss Robins belongs, though she has spent the later years of her life in England.



Laurence Hope, as I have said before in these columns, is the pen name of a lady, and I publish this portrait to prove the statement. The publisher, Mr. John Lane, in his circular describing the translations made by Laurence Hope, "India's Love Lyrics" and "Stars of the Desert," gives this "well-meant" warning:

"Let the reader who desires to enjoy the real beauties of this collection, never forget as he reads, that these are the love songs of young Eastern blood, whose laws of conduct were framed to fit *their* temperament, not *ours*."



The newly organized Lyceum Club of London will be restricted in membership to women:—

Who have done literary, illustrating, educational, scientific, or medical work.

Who are the wives of men so engaged.

Who hold college degrees, or who are students in the Junior or Senior years in college.

This club offers unusual advantages to its members. In the first place, it is already financed and will soon be in possession of a magnificent club-house in Piccadilly, which will probably be open for residence in June. Already upwards of a thousand English members have been enrolled, and American membership is invited. A number of American women have responded to the invitation; among them Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan, editor of *Harper's Bazar*, Miss Elizabeth Marbury, Miss Harriet Monroe, Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, Mrs. Elia M. Peattie, and Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. The initiation fee for American members is five dollars and the annual subscription five dollars. For this they have all the

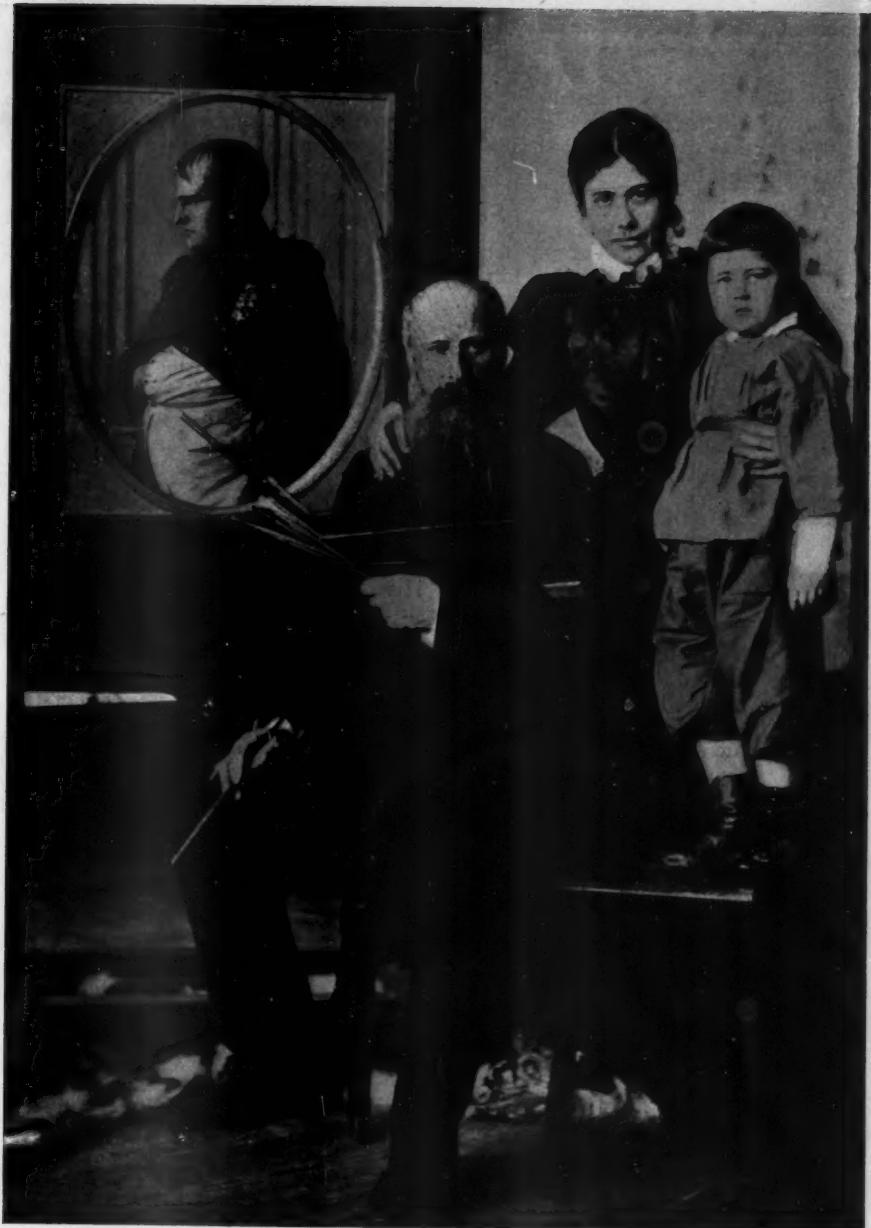
advantages of English members. One special advantage is that they can live at the club at from eight to twenty-five dollars a week, according to the amount they wish to spend. The club-house will have every modern appliance for comfort, and those who are fortunate enough to be members may congratulate themselves. Miss Constance Smedley, the author of "An April Princess," is the Honorary Secretary, and was, I believe, the originator of the idea. Her address is 119 Ashley Gardens, London, S. W. Mrs. Degan, 194 Riverside Drive, New York, is the club's representative in America.



The death of the Russian painter, Vassili Verestchagin, is an added proof of the fact that he lived to make the public realize—that war is hell. Verestchagin's pictures were painted to prove his belief, and they did prove it. His pictures were not made up in the studio; he went into the thick of the battle to make his sketches, and it was on board a battle-ship that he met his death.



"LAURENCE HOPE"



THE LATE M. VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN AND HIS FAMILY
(From a recent photograph)

Neith Boyce (Mrs. Hutchins Hapgood) wrote her first novel, "The Forerunner," in Italy. It is a rather curious novel to have been written in a fifteenth century villa under Italian skies, but that is its history. Her new book, "The Folly of Others," an admirable title by the way, is just published by Messrs. Fox, Duffield & Co. Neith Boyce was married to Mr. Hutchins Hapgood in 1899, since which time she has published two novels. In her unmarried days, Mrs. Hapgood wrote short stories which had decided popularity on the Pacific coast.



Mary MacLane after her flamboyant *début* is now living with Miss Caroline M. Branson in the quietest and most conservative of New England towns at work on another book. Miss Branson is the devoted friend who lived with Maria Louisa Poole and is so constantly alluded to in her books. It appears that Miss MacLane delighted in Mrs. Poole's stories, and at a time that Messrs. Stone & Co. were publishing some of them she expressed her enthusiasm strongly, adding that she had always wanted to write and say as much to Mrs. Poole herself. "Why, do it by all means," advised Miss Lucy Monroe, the accomplished "reader" for that firm. And from Miss MacLane's letter sprang an invitation to visit and an intimacy, which after Mrs. Poole's death drew her eventually into sharing the old-fashioned cottage with the bereaved Miss Branson.



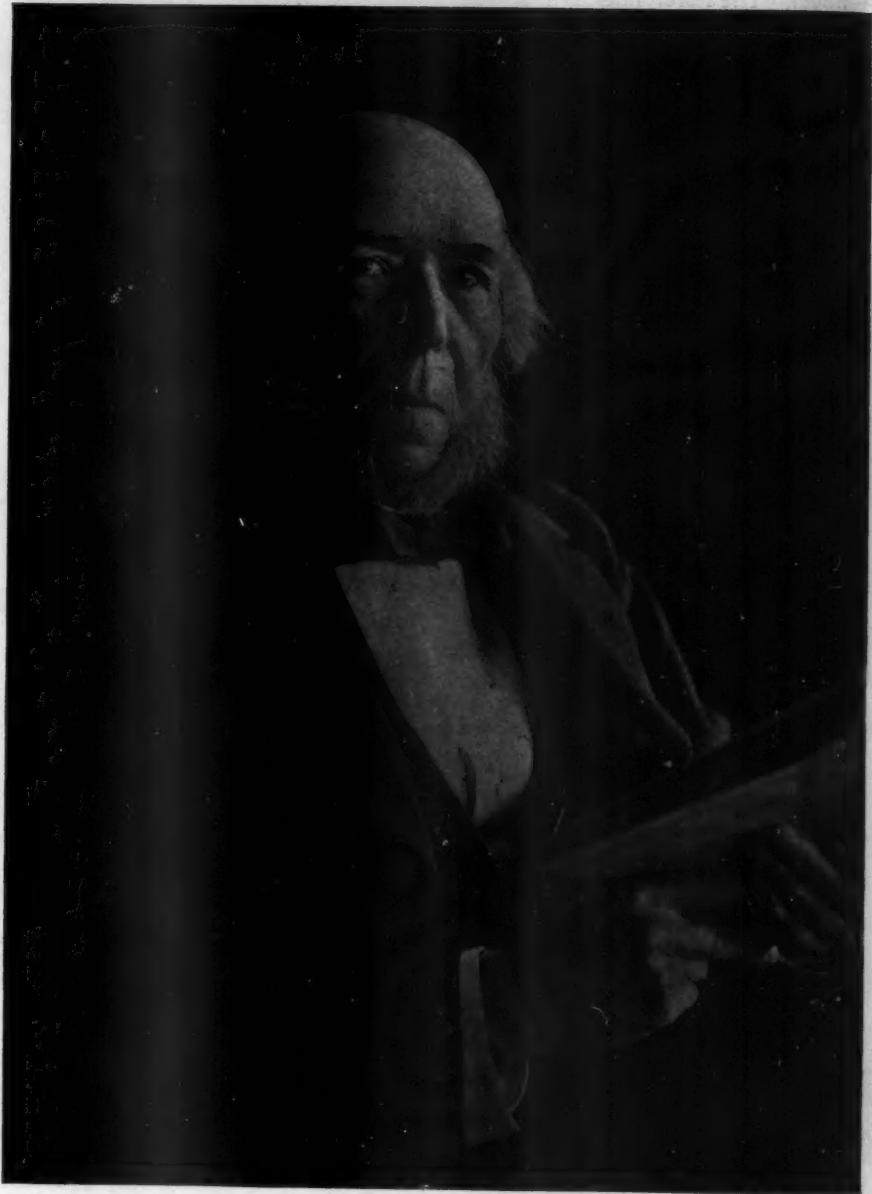
Miss Edith Wyatt is working on a book of what she calls fairy tales suited to any one over twelve years old. Miss Blanche Ostertag is working out the illustrations.



NEITH BOYCE

(From a photograph by Rena Sheffield)

The proposed new Bellevue Hospital, to replace the present overcrowded institution at the foot of East 26th Street, will be the largest and finest thing of its kind in existence. Messrs. McKim, Mead & White have been at work on the plans for the past two years, and the view from the water front, as shown on another page, will be impressive both by its size and its beauty. The general form of the pavilions, which will constitute a single building, will be that of the letter H, the sides extending along 26th and 29th Streets, and the crosspiece running parallel with First Avenue and the East River. It will take ten or twelve years and about \$12,000,000 to complete the work, a modest beginning being made with a single pavilion costing only \$700,000. Even such enormous affairs as the London Hospital, and the many-centuried St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's in the same city, will be eclipsed by the



THE LATE HERBERT SPENCER
(From his most recent and best photograph)
(See page 501)

new Bellevue, when finished. The detached pavilions of St. Thomas's, like the connected pavilions of Bellevue, have the great advantage of facing the water.

24

Andy Adams, the author of "A Texas Matchmaker," we are told by his publishers, rose from a common hand on a cattle ranch to the position of foreman on the old Western Trail. After giving up the ranchman's life he became a miner. Now he is a writer. "A Texas Matchmaker" is his latest book. His portrait, given herewith, shows that he has not forgotten that he was once a cowboy.

25

Another recently "arrived" author is Miss Mary E. Waller, whose book, "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus,'" has attracted more than usual attention. Miss Waller is a New England woman, born in Vermont, but who has spent most of her life in Boston. The scene of the story is laid in the Green Mountains of Vermont, near Miss Waller's own home.

26

The publishers must be in a flourishing condition at the present time, and I am glad to note it. In nearly all the literary notes that come to my desk announcements are made of books in their tenth, twelfth, twentieth, and eighteenth editions, and countless editions of many of them are reported as having been exhausted before publication. It has been said that this is the day of the author, but it looks as if it is the day of the publisher as well, for if a book sells in large quantities the publisher as well as the author has his reward. Messrs. Harper & Brothers send out a paragraph in which they say that the day of the downtrodden author is past and gone. They point to Mr. Richard



MR. ANDY ADAMS

Harding Davis who owns a beautiful estate, with golf-links of its own, between the Hudson River and Long Island Sound; to Mr. Hamlin Garland, who owns a gold-mine in Mexico; and to Mr. Irving Bacheller, who is contemplating following Mr. Garland's example in buying a gold-mine of his own. The paragraph goes on to state that Miss Mary Johnston is rich by her pen alone, as is Mrs. Humphry Ward; adding that Gen. Lew Wallace has an income of \$50,000 a year from his pen. As they are his publishers they ought to know. I imagine a large part of Gen. Wallace's income comes from the dramatization of "Ben-Hur," which, by the way, is to be followed by a dramatization of "The Prince of India," to be made by Mr. J. I. C. Clarke, and which will be produced by Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger.



THE PROPOSED NEW BELLEVUE HOSPITAL

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(See page 405)

Fiction in the Making

By ROSS LAWRENCE

I

No farther Southwest than Communipaw
Was it ever my fate to go;
Nor Indian nor cowboy I ever saw
Except with a Wild West show:
But I 'll weave you a tale of the boundless plains,
The gulch, and the mining camp,
The mountain trail, and the burro trains,
And ranges where wild steers stamp.
It is true that I flinch at the sound of a gun—
My nerves are deplorably weak;
All quarrelsome persons I carefully shun—
My nature is shrinking and meek:
But the Alkali Alecks and Piute Petes
Through my powder-grimed chapters shall prance:
They shall shoot up the town as they dash through the streets,
And make the pale tenderfoot dance.
Oh, it 's *Whoop* for the bronco-buster bold!
And it 's *Wow* for the fierce bad man!
And there 's always a market for stories told
On the strenuous border plan.

II

I never have sailed on a gallant ship,
And I 've vowed that I never will;
For it only requires a ferry-boat trip
To make me unpleasantly ill:
But I 'll spin you a yarn of the salt, salt sea,
And the storm-lashed Atlantic's surge,
Of masts by the board, and of surf a-lee
That moaneth the sailorman's dirge.
I am not quite sure if the mizzen-truck
Is a rope, or a species of sail;
If the flying jib-boom with glue is stuck,
Or merely held fast with a nail:
But I 'll prate you of main topgallant stay,
Of capstan and crossjack lift,
As I tell of a voyage to Far Cathay
Or where Arctic icebergs drift.
Then it 's *Yo-heave-ho!* and *Avast below!*
And *Shiver the binnacle light!*
For why ever to sea need a landsman go
A nautical novel to write?

III

In history I was my teachers' despair
At school, and I 've learned little since;
I forget whether Louis the Debonair
Was a German or English prince:

The Critic

But I 'll write a romance of the Georges' court,
 Or Virginia under King James,
 With gallants of the Philip Sidney sort,
 And powdered Colonial dames.
 Old fashions in dress I have only seen
 At an Arion fancy ball;
 Nor royalty, saving perhaps a queen
 Of song in a concert hall:
 But my lady shall wear a patch by her nose
 And a Queen Elizabeth ruff,
 And my lord shall swagger in peach-colored hose,
 With a yard of lace on his cuff.
 So it 's *Marry, come up!* and it 's *Varlet, what ho!*
By my halidom, sire! and *Gadzooks!*
 For of history little we need to know
 When making historical books.

IV

I never have seen a football game,
 And, judging by common report,
 I would much rather not, for I hold it a shame
 To permit such a brutal sport:
 But my pen shall depict the chalk-lined field
 Where straining young giants meet;
 The stone-wall centre that will not yield,
 And the quarterback's flying feet.
 My college career was confined to a course
 In one of the business kind;
 For mere exhibitions of physical force,
 I never had muscle nor mind:
 But I 'll give you the thunderous cheers for the Blue,
 Or the shouts for the Orange and Black,
 When some Chadwick or Poe for a touchdown goes through
 With a dozen men piled on his back.
 And it 's *Siss-boom-ah-Princeton!* and *Rah-rah-rah-Yale!*
And Brace on the five-yard line!
 For I 've seldom known 'varsity football to fail
 In selling a story of mine.



Herbert Spencer's Autobiography

By JEANNETTE L. GILDER

IT seems rather presumptuous in one who is neither a scientist nor a philosopher to attempt a review of Herbert Spencer's Autobiography,* but I have found so much in the book that is neither science nor philosophy that I have been tempted to undertake the agreeable task. Herbert Spencer's Autobiography is a "human document," and as simple in its setting forth as the confessions of a child. It is introspective from the first page and frankness itself.

The youth of Herbert Spencer was not different from that of other intelligent youths. He studied and observed and read books and worked in his father's laboratory. At the age of twenty-three he went to London to go into journalism, but it was before he took any regular position that he published, in pamphlet form, a series of letters to *The Nonconformist* on "The Proper Sphere of Government." At this time Spencer was reading Carlyle with a certain amount of eagerness. He read "Sartor Resartus." The "freshness of its presentation and wonderful vigor of its style" attracted him, but he is not aware that it made any change in his views of life. At about this time he fell in with Emerson and then wrote to his friend Lott that here and there he met "with passages that I was much pleased with, but as a whole it is too mystical to please me." But he greatly admired the spirit of the man, though he could not agree with many of his most prominent ideas. Subsequent reading of other collections of his lectures and addresses, less mystical in their character, raised his estimate of Emerson.

Curiously enough, he was a great admirer of Shelley. Of "Prometheus Unbound" he says: "It is the only poem over which I have ever become enthusiastic." This he believes was due to the fact that it satisfied one of

his organic needs—variety. He disliked ballads, and as he grew older this dislike grew "into a disgust which rose almost to exasperation."

It could hardly be expected that a man of Spencer's cast of mind would care much for theatre or opera. He did, however, go occasionally to both. He went with a friend to hear "Sonnambula," and was "dreadfully disappointed. I was not roused to an emotion of anything like enthusiasm during the whole time. The inconsistencies of recitative dialogue, the singing words of wholly opposite meanings to the same harmony, etc., so continually annoyed me as to destroy all the pleasure due to the music or the story. Neither was the effect of the music so great as I had anticipated."

Again, later on, he recurs to the same subject, and says that even "Don Giovanni" failed to please him much: "A string of pretty airs and duets, even when supported by fine orchestration, did not fulfil my conception of an opera." What he objected to most was the "gross breaches of probability. Though able to listen without too obtrusive a sense of incongruity to the melodic renderings of their feelings by hero and heroine, since song is natural to high emotion, yet I could not help making internal protests against the extension of musical utterance to other characters in the drama who were not similarly moved."

For a man whose work was altogether scientific, Spencer seemed to have a specially keen enjoyment of the social side of life, and in his earlier days went much to clubs and receptions and to dinner parties. The latter he thinks a capital recreation for a scientific or otherwise studious man. At an evening party in the Strand, given by Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Chapman, he met Miss Eliza Lynn, afterwards Mrs. Lynn-Linton; Mr. Froude, who had recently published with Chapman his 'Nemesis of Faith,' and then bore on

* "Herbert Spencer's Autobiography," 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co.

his melancholy face the impress of that book"; and Horace Greeley, editor of the New York *Tribune*, "at that time a man of much influence." It was at one of these receptions, in the spring of 1850, that he first met Mr. G. H. Lewes. They happened to leave the house at the same time, and discovering that they were going in the same direction they walked together and talked. One of their topics was the "development hypothesis," and Spencer remembers surprising Mr. Lewes by "rejecting the interpretation set forth in the 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.'" From this walk dated an acquaintance which a year later was renewed and presently became an intimacy.

As a companion, he tells us Lewes was "extremely attractive. Interested in, and well informed upon, a variety of subjects; full of various anecdote, and an admirable mimic; it was impossible to be dull in his company." Spencer knew nothing in those days of his new friend's domestic life, or, indeed, "of anything concerning him beyond that which our conversations disclosed. But alike then and afterwards, I was impressed by his forgiving temper and his generosity. Whatever else may be thought, it is undeniable that he discharged the responsibilities which devolved upon him with great conscientiousness, and at much cost in self-sacrifice, notwithstanding circumstances which many men would have made a plea for repudiating them."

One sequence of Spencer's intimacy with Lewes was that he made the acquaintance of Carlyle, to whose house the former took him toward the close of October, 1850. In a letter to Lott he says of this evening:

I spent an evening at Carlyle's some fortnight since. He is a queer creature; and I should soon be terribly bored with him were I long in his company. His talk is little else than a continued tirade against the "horrible, abominable state of things." He was bitter against the Exhibition, amongst other things, and was wroth at the exposure to the public of such disgusting brutes as the monkeys at the zoölogical gardens. He talks much as he writes, piling epithet upon epithet, and always the strong-

est he can find. You would hardly recognize him by the likeness you have. He has much color in his cheeks, while your portrait suggests pallor. He is evidently fond of a laugh; and laughs heartily. But his perpetual grumbling at everything and everybody is so provoking, and it is so useless to reason with him, that I do not want to see much of him. I shall probably call to look at him two or three times a year. His wife is intelligent, but quite warped by him. And for your wife's information I may state that there are no "little Carlyles."

Three visits were all that Spencer ever made upon Carlyle. He found that he must "either listen to his absurd dogmas in silence, which it was not in my nature to do, or get into fierce argument with him, which ended in our glaring at one another. As the one alternative was impracticable and the other disagreeable, it resulted that I dropped the acquaintanceship."

According to Spencer, Carlyle had "a morbid desire to find badness everywhere, unqualified by any goodness. He had a daily secretion of curses which he had to vent on somebody or something." To continue Spencer's criticism of Carlyle, he says that he was "anything but a philosopher," and that his nature "was one that lacked co-ordination, alike intellectually and morally." He was willing, however, to believe that much of his irascibility and his utterance of bitter and contemptuous speeches about almost everybody were in part due to his chronic dyspepsia.

Spencer began by admiring Ruskin, but ended by condemning him. He did not agree with his views as expressed in "Stones of Venice," for, on looking at the illustrations and reading the text, he says: "I presently found myself called upon to admire a piece of work which seemed to me sheer barbarism." After that he paid no attention to Ruskin's writings, because he had no faith in his judgment.

Spencer met George Eliot when "Social Statics" was his first book. She (then Miss Evans) and his friend Chapman took it into their heads that he should be married, and they selected a lady that they thought would be a

good wife for him; but when Spencer met her he was not pleased. The young lady was in his judgment "too highly intellectual, or," he adds, "morbidly intellectual. A small brain in a state of intense activity is the best description."

There was a strong intimacy between Spencer and Miss Evans, whom he speaks of as the "translatress" of Strauss. Why could n't he say translator, and be done with it? They visited exhibitions together, went to the opera together, and sang songs together. Writing of her he says:

In physique there was, perhaps, a trace of that masculinity characterizing her intellect, for though of but the ordinary feminine height she was strongly built. The head, too, was larger than is usual in women. It had, moreover, a peculiarity distinguishing it from most heads, whether feminine or masculine—namely: that its contour was regular. Usually heads have here and there either flat places or slight hollows, but her head was everywhere convex. Striking by its power when in repose, her face was remarkably transfigured by a smile. The smiles of many are signs of nothing more than amusement, but with her smile there was habitually mingled an expression of sympathy, either for the person smiled at or the person smiled with. Her voice was a contralto of low pitch and I believe naturally strong. On this last point I ought to have a more definite impression, for in those days we occasionally sang together, but the habit of subduing her voice was so constant that I suspect its real power was rarely if ever heard. Its tones were always gentle, and, like the smile, sympathetic.

Again writing of George Eliot, he says:

For her constructive imagination, remarkably displayed though it was in the creation of characters and the representation of mental states, did not serve her so well in other directions. She did not devise satisfactory plots, and her speculative faculty was critical and analytic rather than synthetic. Even as it was, however, her philosophical powers were remarkable. I have known but few men with whom I could discuss a question in philosophy with more satisfaction. Capacity for abstract thinking is rarely found along with capacity for concrete representation, even in men, and among women such a union of the two as existed in her has, I should think, never been paralleled.

Spencer and Miss Evans were seen so much together, walking and talking, and always so deeply interested, that, he writes, "there were reports that I was in love with her, and that we were about to be married, but neither of these reports was true."

When Spencer was between thirty-one and thirty-two he first met Huxley, to whom he sent one of his pamphlets, and from that time their friendship began. Of Huxley he says:

To those who know him simply as a scientific lecturer and writer, he presents only the graver side of his character, though reports of his after-dinner speeches might show even these that he has a fund of humor. To his friends, however, he is known as a sayer of good things—some of them things which, though forgotten by himself, are remembered by others. A witticism of his at my expense has remained with me these twenty years. He was one of a circle in which tragedy was the topic, when my name came up in connection with some opinion or other, whereupon he remarked: "Oh! you know, Spencer's idea of a tragedy is a deduction killed by a fact." On another occasion Lewes gave him an opportunity. I had invited some half dozen leading men to meet an American friend at dinner. In the course of the evening a conversation arose about habits of composition; some describing the difficulty they had in getting into the swing of it, and others saying they found it easy at the outset. Lewes, one of the last, said: "I never hesitate. I get up the steam at once. In short, I boil at low temperatures." "Well, but," remarked Huxley, "that implies a vacuum in the upper regions."

In the second volume of his Autobiography, Mr. Spencer pays a tribute to his American friend, Prof. Edward L. Youmans, who introduced him to the American people. It was Dr. Youmans who negotiated with Messrs. Appleton for the publication of Spencer's works, and to the credit of Messrs. Appleton be it said that in those days when there was no international copyright law they took Spencer's scientific books and published them on a liberal royalty and, I am happy to say, made money out of them, notwithstanding pirated editions.

What Mr. Spencer says of his visit to America is not as interesting as it might be. It is merely a running ac-

count, with few remarks or criticisms. But evidently he did not like all that he saw, but he liked a great deal, and said that the half had not been told him about the magnificence of New York.

I remember seeing Mr. Spencer at the time of his visit, in 1882 (I am sorry that I can't set the date a little forward). It was only for a moment. I happened to be down at Messrs. Appleton's publishing house, in Bond Street, when the great man came from the firm's private office through the main office and out into the street to take his carriage. I followed at a respectful distance and had a good look at him. He was so exactly like his pictures that I should have known him anywhere. He looked all that he was. Perhaps if I had heard him speak I might have been disappointed in his conversation, as was Mr.

Andrew Carnegie, who crossed on the steamer with him. At least he says that Mr. Carnegie was disappointed, but I don't believe it. Instead of exploiting some argument in regard to synthetic philosophy, he argued with the steward about the cheese; the steward brought him Cheshire when he wanted Cheddar, and he was not to be put off with the kind that he had not ordered, much to Mr. Carnegie's amusement.

After the quotations here given it is hardly necessary for me to say that Spencer's Autobiography is an absorbing book. It speaks for itself, and, what is more, one does not have to be of a scientific turn of mind to understand and appreciate it.

No more important, no more interesting book has been published this year, nor is there likely to be.

"Our Fathers Have Told Us"

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

IN the summer-time the rivulet of Dean Bourn, whose rude waters Herrick once unkindly criticised, shrinks to a silver thread whereon, like pearls, her woodland pools are strung; but on this January day the stream flashes and foams and thunders cherry-red from her peat cradle upalong on the edge of Dartmoor. Here, snug from the scythe of the East wind, a thousand lustrous things flourish beside the water; glimmering mosses scent the air; flower-buds nestle invisible at the soft hearts of the primrose clumps; under the dead leaves and the ripe red earth Spring's first robe of silver green, fretted with sorrel and violet and the sunshine of the golden saxifrage, is already weaving.

Here lies the Hound's Pool shining under a gray sky. About its brink silky brown knots of lady-fern await the message of March, dead rushes sigh together, and sallows, dotted with bright round buds, dip toward the water and dance to each other tremulously.

Hither, down a steep path, there came to me an ancient man clad in the colors of earth. He carried a fagot of wood upon his back; a silvery hazel stake supported him; and he crept so slowly along that it seemed as if some great insect crawled down over the carpet of the leaves. He was round as a beetle and his head hung forward. His blue eyes were screwed up into mere points, and he seemed to feel rather than see his way; his hair and beard were a dirty white; his face was scarred with the stamp of many years.

The gaffer bade me good day and prepared to rest himself awhile after the descent of the wood. He dropped his fagot, groaned gently, pressed his hands to his side, and sat down on the bundle of light wood.

"Rheumatis be gnawing my bones proper to-day," he said; "but there, when you 'm up fourscore years, you must count to suffer in your carcase."

"You 've lived in the open air and stood all weathers," I suggest.

"That have I—a woodman I be—a part of this here wood a'most. I've seed scores o' dozens of saplings rise into trees; an' I've cut down scores o' dozens o' full growed timber; an' sawn an' smitten for sixty year."

The smell of a saw-pit was about the ancient man; he had moved and breathed in the sweet-scented dust of pine and beech, elm and oak, for more than half a century. Now he was waiting for the Woodman himself, and his arms, that had swung the steel and sent the saw purring through the heart of old forest giants, were weak and tremulous, his shoulders had shrunk and grown feeble.

"You be looking into the pool, I see. 'T is the Hound's Pool—a terrible wist place come the dimpsy light; but for my part I don't fear it an' never did. I've drawed a tidy trout from thicky water wi' rod an' line when I was a lad."

"But you've never seen the black dog, woodman?"

"No, I never have; but I've heard about them as have; an' if I don't know the truth of the tale, who should? For my grandfather acksually knewed the son of old Weaver Knowles, an' he heard it from the man's own lips; an' I heard it from my grandfather when he was eighty-nine year old an' I was ten."

"Then you have the sober truth for certain."

"So I have; an' grandfather could call home to his mind the taking of Canada, so that shows you the sort of old bird he was. But now-a-days, what with Board Schools an' the holiday folks from towns, our boys an' girls be cleverer than their parents, an' many of the childer turn up their silly noses at what our fathers have told us 'bout magic, an' old holy spells, an' the virtue in the herbs of the field, an' such like branches of larning."

"But the Hound's Pool, woodman?"

"The solemn truth be easily told. Backalong a brave number of years there was a weaver by the name of Knowles lived down to Dean Combe. Him an' his son did very well together, for he was a widow man an' the state

suitied him. Old weaver, he stuck to his yarn, an' it was said he'd sit at the loom eighteen hours a day for sheer love of work. Then, coming home one evening the man's son found him stark wi' a shuttle half empty in his hand, an' his poor old body fallen forward on top of his work. They buried Knowles to Dean Prior, an' everybody was sorry about his death, for he 'pears to have been a wise, harmless man; an' his son had to begin to think of a wife from that hour.

"Then it was that in broad day young Knowles, coming to his empty home, suddenly heard the music of the loom up in the chamber where it stood. At first the chap thought his ears was playing him false; but no—there was a man in the house weaving regular by all the sounds. Up goes young Knowles in a pretty good rage, I've no doubt; but his blood runned from hot to cold quicker than I can tell it, for, looking in the room, who should he see but his father sitting on the old seat an' working west through warp all so suent an' clever as if he was alive!"

"'T is so true as I be sitting here a-telling to you.

"The young chap feels his hair crawling an' the presspiration a-dropping down his niddick; then he turns for his dear life an' gets down-house somehow an' runs off to parson, as if the Dowl an' all his angels was after him. They believed more in them days than they do now. Anyway, parson knowed the young man was a truth-teller, an' away he comded at once. But he stopped in the churchyard for a handful of holy earth. Then he went along to Dean Combe an' presently stood at the foot of the stairs in the dead weaver's house.

"Sure enough the loom was a-working as busy as you please; but it could n't drown parson's words, for he lifts up his voice an' shouts with all his might.

"'Knowles! Knowles!' he says. 'Come down this instant; this is no place for thee!'

"An' then a hollow, gashly voice, like to the wind in the chimblly on a winter night, makes answer.

"'I will come so soon as I have

worked out my quill, your reverence,' says the spectrum; so parson an' young Knowles waited an' said their prayers for a matter of five minutes. Then the loom stopped an' weaver, he glided down the staircase very solemn an' slow; but not a step creaked, that I'll swear to, for young Knowles always specially noted it when he telled the adventure to my grandfather.

"Parson took his churchyard dust an' slapped it into the face of the ghost, an' afore you could look round the shadow had turned into a black hound—so dark as night. The poor beast yowled something cruel, but parson was short an' stern wi' it, for well he knewed you can't have no half measures wi' spirits, any more than with men, if you mean to conquer 'em.

"Follow me, Knowles," he says; "follow me in the name of Father, Son, an' Ghost"; which the poor forlorn dog did do, willy nilly; an' parson brought it up to this here pool where us be now. Then the holy man took a nutshell—just half a filbert wi' a hole in it that a squirrel had made—an' he gived it boldly to the black dog an' said:

"Henceforth, Knowles, you shall labor here to empty this pool, using nothing but this nutshell to do it; an' when you have done your work, but no sooner, you shall go back whence you came."

"An' the hound will be at that job till Doom, without a doubt; an' if you've got ears to hear, you may often

listen to a sound in the water like to a rattling loom, but 't is no more than that poor devil-dog of a Knowles strug-gling with his filbert to empt' the pool."

"T is a very fine tale," I said to the ancient, "and I'm glad to know the rights of it."

"The man who tells it different be a liar," he answered. "An' us would see the black hound himself oftener, I make no doubt, if us only looked for him in a proper spirit. But there ban't no faith working no more in the world. 'T is all machinery an' steam an' shouting now."

I helped his fagot to his shoulder and spoke:

"You have lived your life with the trees and know many things worth the telling, I'll wager?"

"Ess fay! But who wants me to tell about 'em? The world's all to the young now-a-days. Youth runs to youth, like water to the sea. There won't be no use for the old bald-heads come presently."

Soon he departed and sank away like a shadow amongst the gray and dappled stems and withered leaves. The wood swallowed him up magically. He was of its own sober and sombre hues, and his protective coloring, as of bird or beast, quickly concealed him from my sight.

Out of the pool, gentle and patient and sad, came the throb of the weaver's loom.



To Austin Dobson

By BEATRICE HANSCOM

*"Too hard it is to sing
In these untuneful times,
When only coin can ring,
And no one cares for rhymes."*

"Too hard to sing?" O Master-Bard,
We cannot think you find it hard:
You, whose blithe rhymes as limpid flow
As some nymph-haunted clear *ruisseau*;
You, whose deft Muse delights to dance
To every melody of France,
Chaffs Horace on his views of Rome,
And shows the daintiest charms at home.

"None care for rhyme?" Why, here are we,
Perforce, a goodly company,
Who in the Louvre have stopped to dwell
On each "rose-water Raphael,"
Searching the sketch where one may trace
The child Rosina's wistful face.

For us the bookstalls still reveal
The tattered volume to Lucile,
And on his busy, kindly way
We watch the smiling old Curé:
Beneath the rows of trim-clipt trees
Stroll Barons, Abbés, and Marquises:
There Ninon whispers to Ninette,
And in a small neat room Babette
Sings her pure Norman chansonette.

We shift the scene to Georgian days
And Madam Placid meets our gaze:
There Leisure strolls, and there arrayed
In brave attire rides Beau Brocade;
Nor dreams he 's soon to be brought down
By Dolly of the "Oak and Crown."

Across the pages they advance,
These incarnations of Romance,
Until we find that all too fast
The bright procession has gone past,
And Finis comes, and then—ah, then
We turn the pages o'er again.

"Too hard to sing?" How strange a view,
Or so 't would seem If I Were You;
And when the measure of our wage
Permits an English pilgrimage,
On London Stones we 'd fain inquire
Where swings the Sign-board of the Lyre;
Nor count our times untuneful when
We hear that lyre's sweet sound again.

"Mrs. Wiggs" and a Dangerous Morality

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

SUPPOSE you read a book about a good old colored mammy, "before the war"; a cheery philosophic soul, whose life was a lesson to grumbler. Suppose her husband had been a vicious, abusive wretch and had forsaken her—which she took somewhat as a mercy. Suppose her oldest son, a willing worker, was driven too hard under a cruel overseer, and punished when unable to do what was required of him, punished till he died under the lash—a boy of fifteen. Suppose her last baby had been taken from her and sold "down South." And what is her attitude toward all this?

"Laws, honey, don't you feel bad 'bout dat. My ole man's gone, but I'se a heap better off 'thout him. Yes'm—I has to wuk night an' day as you might say; but then, niggers is meant to work. "It was hard to lose 'Rastus—I don't say 't wan't. 'Rastus was a good boy—but if 'Rastus had lived to be a man he might ha' suffered worse, yes'm he might so—there'd ha' been more of him! An' as for that chile Em'ly—well, de Lawd knows old Sukey never was no han' to bring up chillen. I spec de gentleman dat bought dat chile will do better by her than her mammy!"

Would this strike the reader as a safe philosophy? as an admirable state of mind? Should a Chinese slave girl in the hidden depths of San Francisco's Asiatic Ghetto make light of her position and reconcile herself to it with cheerful acquiescence? Are political prisoners in Siberia to content themselves with oppression, injustice, and sufferings of which death is the least, and make merry as they freeze and starve and go mad?

Should we have admired in the American colonies a spirit of uncomplaining acceptance of tyrannous action and accumulating outrage?

Is submission to evil, and not only submission, but gay good-nature, a desirable spirit?

There are grovelling races which bear their burdens like asses and their abuse

like dogs, but even of them we do not expect such unbroken cheerfulness and humorous contentment as shall save the oppressor from the faint chance of sympathy or remorse.

There is a tale of an ancient Assyrian king who shot the son of one of his attendants as a graceful exhibition of marksmanship; and the attendant, with the climax of Oriental submissiveness, complimented his master on his skill! Even he did not make a joke of it. Yet in one of the most popular of recent books, one of the great "sellers," one of the most widely and warmly reviewed, we are called upon to admire exactly the spirit I have sought to indicate by the above instances—and we do admire it.

I refer to the universally approved "*Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*." Mrs. Wiggs suffers under conditions of poverty which, *if they were unalterable*, would call for, first, an intelligent effort to meet the evil as far as possible; and, second, a manly fortitude to bear what could not be helped.

This admirable woman, by her shiftlessness and incapacity, makes matters worse than they need be; by her ignorance, fails to provide assistance for her helpless little ones; by her baseless pride, refuses it when it offers; and then keeps herself comfortable through it all by this sublime spirit of seeing good where there is none—a sort of mild chronic ecstasia.

We find her pasting paper on a broken window on a freezing winter morning, while the children are pinned in bed-clothes by the stove, and her elbows are sticking out of her sleeves. As she is unable to find work outside at this period, might not Mrs. Wiggs have found time to paper the window before—and to mend the sleeves?

Cold weather cannot be helped, but some things can.

She is so hospitable as to water the children's soup and stint not only herself but her overworked eldest, to feed

two visitors who are represented as having had their dinner.

She let her boy—a boy of fifteen—already ill and half starved, take a job to sleep or watch in a market-wagon—out of doors—from three to six A.M., when she should have taken him to a hospital. She lets him die of exposure and starvation, when she had a standing offer of assistance. That a woman might be shiftless enough, ignorant enough, stupid enough, to do all this is quite conceivable, but why do we admire her for it? It is not commendable. It is not defensible. It is a story of pain and wrong and cruel suffering, of a young boy worked and starved to death,—and because his mother has this capacity for "keeping the dust off her rose-colored spectacles" we find the book amusing. She goes for the offered help after the boy is dead; and then we are regaled with some good old-fashioned "charity"; the kind that responds to a personal appeal of special pathos, and gives money to ease the pain in the heart of the giver. "Three hundred and sixty-five dollars," exclaims Miss Lucy in triumph, "and food, clothes, and coal enough to last them a year." But Jimmy was dead all the same; and if those spectacles of Mrs. Wiggs's had seen clear instead of pink she could have saved him.

She gets washing after a time; one wonders why she could n't have got it before; surely she could have gone to Miss Olcott to ask for work! Seized with a desire to go to the theatre, and miraculously provided with tickets, she blissfully prepares for the great event, and in her rapture forgets to give her children any supper.

She is kind to the children—those that survive—and good to the neighbors; but so are other women who have more sense. What is the secret of the fascination of this book—why is it so successful? For a twofold reason; one in essence but seen doubly.

This book gives pleasure to the heart of the reader because it tends to assuage one of the widest griefs of our time.

No evil of to-day is so general as poverty. No evil has such terrible re-

sults, to health, to happiness, to morals. Book after book has been written by the far-seeing, the sensitive, the sympathetic; novels that make us ache in sympathy, and works of investigation and protest which prick and drive us to do something to lift this horror from the world.

Dickens carried a flaming torch into this dark region; Walter Besant has made it familiar to many; Victor Hugo sends his great shaft of light to its black depths; Booth, Campbell, Riis, Flynt, Whiteing; with romance and hard fact and grim figures, from the point of view of the artist, the sociologist, and the humanitarian, have made us feel that poverty is an evil, the evil of our times.

We are being shown how to overcome it, also; how to prevent it, rather; and in preventing it to be free from the crime and disease, the steady deterioration of social tissue, which always follow it. Our rich men are wakening more and more to the stirring sense of social responsibility and doing what they can—according to their lights—to bring about better conditions.

The social settlements, the Institute for Social Service, the churches in their active modern efforts, the thousand and one organizations that are working away at one or another feature of the evil,—all these keep the public heart distressed and the public conscience uneasy about poverty. Then comes this manna, Mrs. Wiggs, this gentle emollient, to ease our pain.

And it does so in two ways: first, we are shown this noble spirit, the strong, brave, cheery, unselfish soul, shedding sunshine all around her; and we heave a great sigh of relief and say to ourselves: "Poverty can't be so bad after all, if it develops a woman like that! If these grumbling, dangerous poor people would only look at it like Mrs. Wiggs, it would be all right." And then—owing to the crass ignorance and carelessness of the good woman, her slovenly, shiftless habits, her neglect of opportunity to find help, or pride that would not ask it,—then we heave another sigh of relief and say: "After all, it was largely her own fault!"

The Critic

If the modern world, which is beginning to tingle throughout with the throbs of dawning social consciousness, a coming alive that hurts intensely because so much of society is cramped and suffering; if that shrinking and rebellious new conscience of ours can find any excuse for going to sleep again, it naturally grabs at it.

This simple, amusing book, with its primitive motive, its easy benevolence, its faint thread of story, is pleasant to the taste and soothing in its effects.

The very guilelessness of its make-up, the complete lack of effort necessary to follow and understand, the easy approval of its humble virtues, make it a relief to the sated appetite of the present-day reader, and a sedative to his recently aroused scruples.

If Mrs. Wiggs had been clever and efficient as well as philosophic, if she had done all that mortal could to provide for her children and herself, and yet been forced to starve and freeze

and see her first-born die—that would have hurt us. We should have been stirred anew to see how cruel and how foolish is such waste of human life, such slow child-murder of the best and bravest.

Or if—being an ignorant, slatternly woman, and overwhelmed by trouble, as is so frequently the case in all our cities,—if Mrs. Wiggs had not worn dust-proof rose-colored spectacles; if she had recognized cold and hunger, dirt, disease, and death, and called them by their right names,—bitterly, rebelliously, or resignedly,—then we should not have enjoyed the story at all. It would not have interested us. It would not have amused us. I do not say that Mrs. Rice meant the least harm by this attractive story; I dare say she meant to do good; but for all that the moral of the book—and it would be no book at all without the moral—is most dangerous.

Hands That Have Done Things

By ISABEL MOORE

Hands that the rule of Empire may have swayed,
Or touched to ecstasy the living lyre.

—Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

CASTS of hands that have done things are, perhaps, the most intimate personal record we can have. Mr. Laurence Hutton, who is an authority in such matters, considers them even more so than death- or life-masks; and has become so expert regarding them as to be able to tell almost directly whether a cast of a hand has been made before or after death.

With the eye of an artist in psychology, Mr. Hutton has hung in his Princeton library the contrasting hands of Voltaire and Walt Whitman almost side by side. Similar casts of the for-

mer are common objects in the plaster shops of Paris, and the original cast is generally accepted as made from nature, although there seems to be no authentic record to this effect. Above it in Mr. Hutton's library is the written motto, translated from a letter of Voltaire to Cardinal de Berins in 1761: "There are truths which are not for all men, nor for all times." And above the cast of Walt Whitman's hand is the inscription, taken from his "Leaves of Grass":

"One world is away, and by far the largest to me, and that is myself. And

whether I come to mine own to-day or in ten thousand or ten million years, I can cheerfully take it now or with equal cheerfulness I can wait."

This cast was made by a friend of Walt Whitman's who contributed it to Mr. Hutton's collection. Mr. Hutton's first meeting with Walt Whitman recalls exceptionally pleasant reminiscences. "I was taken," he says, "to call upon him in 1877—Whitman at that time being fifty-eight years old—by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, of whom he was very fond; and in that way I got closer to him than I could have done in a dozen casual meetings. Personally, with the exception of Sir John Steel, the Scottish sculptor, he was the very handsomest old man I ever saw, and with some magnetic charm about him which no man or woman could resist. His talk was plain, homely, and tinged with an unexpected vein of 'that most uncommon sense of all, common sense.' After he went back to Camden he sent me two volumes of his poems—in exchange for a ten-dollar bill—with an autograph inscription. I prize the books highly, although I never read them. I saw him a short time before his death, looking like a god as painted by one of the old masters, and again I came under his peculiar magnetic influence. He drew me down upon the arm of the chair in which he was sitting and held my hand while he talked with me. This, no doubt, was his way with all men, but he made me feel as if I were so distinguished above the rest, and in spite of myself I became an enthusiastic worshipper of Walt Whitman—the man."

The casts that Mr. Hutton owns of the hands of Lincoln, Thackeray, and Goethe are casts from casts, and as such are none of them so communicative of "the touch of a vanished hand." They are also less clear in detail and less perfect of outline. That of Goethe was found by Mr. Hutton in a plaster shop in Berlin many years ago. A friend who was with him at the time picked up the object and asked:

"Whose hand is that, Laurence?"
"That is Goethe's."

"'Gerty' who?" asked the friend, with a sudden curiosity as to which one of Mr. Hutton's circle of acquaintances the original might have belonged.

The original of Thackeray's hand was owned by Augustin Daly and was sold at the auction of his effects for the exorbitant sum of \$110 to Dean Sage. There is an account in Daly's letters to Mr. Hutton of the manner in which possession of the cast of Thackeray's hand was obtained. As will be remembered, dear Thackeray died in great pain, and the fingers are noticeably clinched into the flesh as they were found that sad Christmas morning by the mother of the novelist who, as Dickens said, blessed him not only in his first sleep, but in his last.

The hands of Lincoln—whom Mr. Hutton never saw but once, and that was when he was making a speech on the steps of the Astor House in New York on his way to Washington—were taken by Leonard W. Volk in Springfield, Ill., on the Sunday following Lincoln's nomination in 1860. Mr. Volk was the first Chicagoan to congratulate Lincoln, and at the same time he made an engagement for the following day to obtain a cast of Lincoln's hands. Later that same afternoon, thousands marched to Lincoln's home, passing through the house in single file, each citizen giving Lincoln a vigorous hand-shake. The swollen muscles that resulted from this reception are quite noticeable in the cast. The originals are of bronze and are in the National Museum; but they had disappeared and were virtually forgotten until Mr. Saint Gaudens found them by accident in a vault adjoining either the Smithsonian Institute or the Patent Office. This was not known to Mr. Hutton till he was told quite recently about it by Mr. Saint Gaudens himself.

The only bronze cast owned by Mr. Hutton is that of the hands of the Duke of Wellington. They are crossed, and not upon the hilt of a sword, and there is supposed to be no other copy of the cast in America. Mr. Hutton does not know by whom it was made, but thinks it was originally done for a statue of the Duke.

Sir Edgar Boehn made the cast of Carlyle's hands that was loaned to the Carlyle Museum in Chelsea, where Mr. Hutton saw it in 1899. Upon learning that they had been loaned by a sculptor whose studio was in the neighborhood of Cheyne Row, Mr. Hutton went to the address given, where he was told that the owner was taking a holiday on the Continent. On the way out of the little courtyard, he noticed the shop of a manufacturer of plaster casts, and found an Italian inside who spoke very little English and who was eating his luncheon. Several specimens of famous statuary were produced, such as are used by pupils who are studying black and white in the art schools.

"No," said Mr. Hutton, "I want the real hands of famous folk."

The man had nothing but the hands of Carlyle, cast with the mask, after death, in Carlyle's house. These he was ready to sell, but felt that he could not part with the cast for less than two shillings, or fifty cents. After some apparent hesitation, Mr. Hutton agreed to this price: his real feeling being that it was well worth \$50 to him. The man offered to pack the cast and send it after the purchaser, but Mr. Hutton carried his new treasure off in a silk handkerchief, and from Chelsea to Princeton he virtually held it in his lap. So far as can be ascertained, no other replicas exist.

A gift from William M. Rossetti to Mr. Hutton was the cast of the hand of his brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, that was made at the same time as the death-mask.

Yet another gift was the plaster hand of Robert Louis Stevenson,—with the forefinger between the leaves of a book—cast by Mr. Saint Gaudens as a guide for the large upright medallion now built into the mantelpiece of the library in the house of Mr. George Armour in Princeton. A replica of this medallion was made and sent by Mr. Saint Gaudens to Stevenson in Samoa, but it never reached its destination nor could it be traced. Mr. Saint Gaudens afterwards made a second copy of the original which is now in the San Francisco home of Mrs. Stevenson.

How the cast of Whittier's hands came into his possession Mr. Hutton cannot remember; but he tells how, on one occasion, they were put into the lap of the wonderful Helen Keller, of whom Mrs. Hutton is guardian. She instantly recognized the hands as those of Whittier, but said:

"Take them away, take them away! they are so hard and cold and dead,—not the responsive and affectionate hands of dear Mr. Whittier whom I knew so well! Take them away! Please take them away!"

Of all the casts he ever saw, Mr. Hutton considers that of Helen Keller the most perfect one taken from nature. He had it made about two years ago, and it is of her left hand, the hand by which she reads the raised letters of the electrotyped page before her. Under it, as it hangs in the library, he has written:

She is deaf to the sounds all about us,
What she sees we cannot understand,
But she hears with the tips of her fingers,
And her sight's in the touch of her hand.

Why the cast of the hand of the artist, William Hunt, is also the left instead of the right, no one knows. It may be that Mr. Hunt was left-handed, or it may be that his right hand was injured at the time of his suicide.

No cast of Charles Dudley Warner's hands was thought of when his mask was taken after death; and so much did Mr. Hutton regret this that Mrs. Warner had made an enlargement of a small picture in which Mr. Warner's hands were prominent, and gave it to Mr. Hutton. Failing an autograph inscription, Mr. Hutton has attached a note to the frame of the picture, containing the following words:

HARTFORD, Dec. 2, '94.
DEAR LAURENCE AND HIS WIFE,

BOTH BELOVED:

We go down Friday morning and shall spend the night with Mrs. Youmans, corner 5th Avenue and 28th Street, and I shall go round to see you if I can. We sail on *La Champagne*, Pier 4, foot of Morton Street, Saturday noon. If we do not see you, you will know that we love you, and love is enough.

Yours affectionately,
CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Upon the back of the photograph of the Chopin cast is written:

The cast of Chopin's hand was formerly the property of A Gentleman. By him it was given in 1880 to Countess Castelvecchio, then residing in Florence, and it came to me direct from a member of her family in 1898.

The drawing of Chopin by Winterhalter was also formerly in A Gentleman's possession, and is dated May 2, 1847.

(See Weeks's "Life of Chopin," p. 344.)

ED. HENNEL.

This is supposed to be the only cast of Chopin's hand in existence. Mr. Hennell, a diamond merchant of Bloomsbury, at whose house are to be met many interesting people, gave it to Mr. Hutton.

One of Mr. Hutton's treasures is the hand of an Egyptian mummy—no cast this, nor photograph, but the veritable hand—bought by him just

outside the Tombs of the Kings from an Arab who produced it, with great secrecy, from the folds of his single garment and who accepted for it just exactly ninety per cent. of the price he originally asked. A pretty story that Mr. Hutton tells is of an old family servant who, on its being unpacked with many other rare possessions in the Thirty-fourth Street house, asked what it was.

"The hand of an Egyptian princess," Mr. Hutton told her, "a princess of the time of the Exodus,—it may be the hand of Pharaoh's daughter herself."

Whereupon the woman called in some excitement to a little serving-maid of the house:

"Come here, Maggie: I want you to shake hands, Maggie, with the hand that may have shaken hands with Moses!"



DUKE OF WELLINGTON



WILLIAM HUNT



VOLTAIRE



GOETHE



STEVENSON



CARLYLE



SARASATE



WHITMAN



ROSSETTI



WHITTIER



HELEN KELLER



THACKERAY
516



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER



LAWRENCE HUTTON



LINCOLN



CHOPIN

Mark Twain from an Italian Point of View

By RAFFAELE SIMBOLI (Of "Il Nuova Antologia")

(Illustrated from photographs taken by the Author.)

ON the sixth of last November, Mark Twain disembarked at Genoa from the German steamship *Princess Irene*, after a delightful passage, during which he had taken advantage of every stop to go ashore and see all the sights. The curiosity of the professional reporter is still in his blood; he scents in the very air an interesting bit of news, a fresh note, an attractive detail. At Genoa an actual reporter was lying in wait for him as he made his way towards the Ponte Federico Guglielmo. The journalist lost no time in serving up his little dish of impressions; and this was the manner of it:

I caught him while he was getting out of the train, surrounded by a whole outfit of nice little brass-studded trunks and portmanteaus of all sizes. With him were his daughters, lively girls with the real American freedom of manner; his wife, whose face looks dry and severe under the large spectacles which bestride her thin nose; and a smooth-faced young valet of the proper woodenness of bearing. With the purpose of avoiding any indiscreet questions, he seized some cushions, a shawl-strap, and a bag or two, huddling them together under his left arm, while a large book peeped out from under his right. Thus loaded down, he went off towards the custom-house at a rapid pace.

Mark Twain is not a man to grumble at these little annoyances, which are inseparable from celebrity. He himself at one time lived the agitated life of the reporter, and although he probably did not suspect in those days that the time would come when his *confrères* of every nationality would pursue him relentlessly, still he manages to find for them a pleasant, flattering speech or a pointed epigram out of which an interview can, with some ingenuity, be constructed.

He is a passionate lover of Italy, in which for years a number of American authors and artists have pitched their tents. Florence is the city especially affected by the Americans and English,

who flock there in great numbers every year.

The most important personage in this group is Mark Twain, as the villa of his selection is the most sumptuous of them all. The Villa di Quarto lies in a charmingly picturesque spot not far from Florence. It has sheltered the most illustrious people, and all of them have admired its beauty, both natural and artificial—its magnificent grounds with broad avenues, fountains, and smiling gardens. An idea of its size—the circumference of the park is over two miles—may be given by saying that at one time a Russian princess lived there with a suite of one hundred persons. Victor Emanuel II. visited it frequently, as it is close to the royal country-seat of La Petraia.

Mark Twain was at Genoa in 1869, on his way back from Egypt and the Holy Land, and has spoken of it at some length in his "Innocents Abroad," not forgetting some flattering words for its beautiful women. But Florence is the city of his choice—not because it is the birthplace of Dante, but because its delightful climate renews youth and gives health to the invalid. Ten years ago he spent some time at Settignano, where Gabriele d' Annunzio's villa is situated. Mr. Clemens came there worn out and ill, and went away in robust health of body and mind. He has now come back with his family in the hope of effecting a speedy and permanent improvement in his wife's health. He has leased the villa for a year, at the rental of twenty thousand francs—a figure which makes a deep impression on our Italian writers, who have never succeeded in getting rich, even when they have had their little quarter of an hour of celebrity or have taken a firmer hold on fame.

Mr. Clemens has a very retiring temperament, and the intimates who pass the gates of his villa are not many.



MARK TWAIN IN HIS ITALIAN STUDY
(From a photograph taken especially for THE CRITIC.
Copyright 1904 by the CRITIC CO.)



THE PARK OF THE VILLA. MARK TWAIN'S FAVORITE WALK
(From a photograph taken especially for THE CRITIC. Copyright, 1904, by the CRITIC CO.)

At the end of November he completed his sixty-eighth year, but his old age has an extraordinary vigor and freshness. He is a remarkable person, who binds others to him by a sentiment which is almost more than friendship.

Mark Twain's life is regulated by a system. He takes but one meal a day, in the evening. All day long he is at work; during a good part of the night he strolls alone about the immense grounds of the villa, meditating and

shaping in his mind the sketches which are destined to make future generations laugh and — to enrich his publishers. If you met him, you might think he was one of the ordinary people who are weary of life, and that he was turning over in his mind a plan for ending it once and for all. Instead of that, the brain of the man who walks there, silent amid the stillness of the night, is occupied by a rapid procession of memories of all the things which he has observed

on the varied stage of human life. Out of this confused mass of visions and recollections, Mark Twain picks out the most delicious comic figures, which in the morning he will fix on paper with two or three of those sure touches that are the secret of his success as a writer. When the amount of his work becomes oppressive, he has a secretary, an intelligent American girl, to whom he dictates letters and articles. Sometimes, if the day promises to be fine, he comes down into Florence with Clara and Jean, his idolized daughters, to enjoy the poetical beauty of the Arno and of the children playing on its bank. Often he stops and asks them some question; and the little Tuscan boys, lively and self-possessed, answer him in their charming dialect, of which the great humorist is very fond. This is his favorite method of learning Italian.

On one of his visits to Florence he noticed that many people passed him with a familiar and friendly salutation, "Buon giorno, Borz!" Mark Twain,

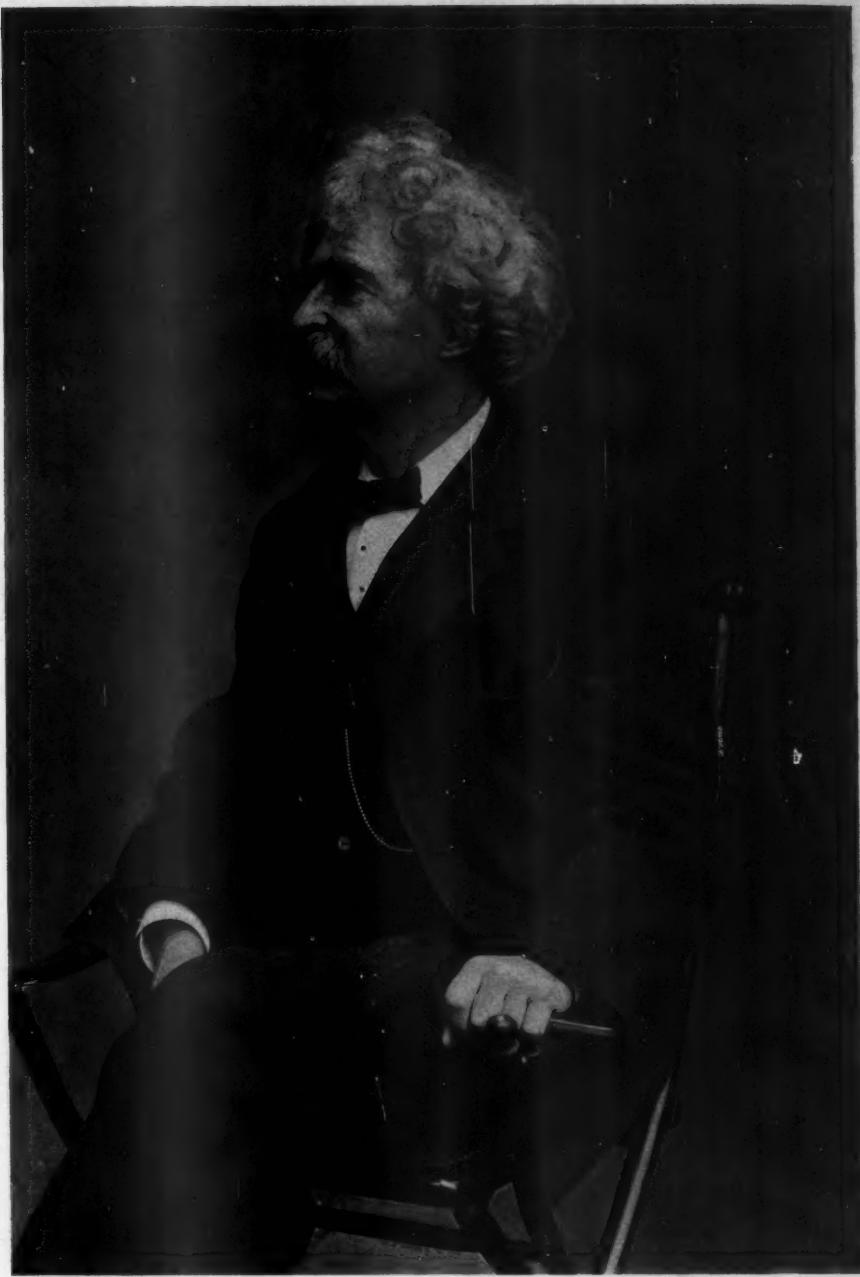
though he was at a loss to explain his sudden popularity, answered with the same cordiality, "Buon giorno, buon giorno!" He finally succeeded in getting an explanation from his friend Carlo Paladini, the publicist. The fact was simply that Professor Antonio Borz, Director of the Botanical Gardens at Palermo, a distinguished and scholarly man well known in Florence, has such a striking likeness to Mark Twain that even his friends were deceived.

At the Villa di Quarto Mr. Clemens's daughters take long rides under the shade of the great old trees that overhang the broad and easy roads. They are both accomplished and ardent horsewomen. Miss Jean, whose portrait is given on page 523, has recently bought a superb white horse. Her sister, Miss Clara, has a beautiful voice, and sings with exquisite grace. On the 8th of April, she took part in a concert given by the Philharmonic Society of Florence, and made a deep impression on the audience. The possession of two



A VIEW OF THE VILLA DI QUARTO

(From a photograph taken especially for THE CRITIC. Copyright, 1904, by the CRITIC Co.)



MARK TWAIN BEING INTERVIEWED

(From a photograph taken especially for THE CRITIC.
Copyright, 1904, by the CRITIC CO.)



MISS JEAN CLEMENS

(From a photograph taken especially for THE CRITIC. Copyright, 1904, by the CRITIC Co.)

such daughters is a great comfort to Mr. Clemens. They go everywhere with him, surround him with affectionate attentions, and take a gentle and tender care of him. Miss Jean, for instance, helps her father not a little with his daily work. When he does not dictate, he leaves little sheets of manuscript scattered everywhere; it is Miss Jean's task to collect and arrange them, and then to copy them on the typewriter. Mark Twain's correspondence is naturally very large. A man is employed to go into Florence twice a day to bring the mail, and always returns loaded down with letters, papers, and books.

It is uncertain how long the famous humorist will remain in Italy. His lease of the Villa di Quarto is only for a year, but Signora Marsili, the owner, thinks that he will renew it when it

expires, since he is so well and comfortable in Florence, and since his wife's health has already shown a marked improvement.

Mrs. Clemens, his faithful companion for twenty-five years, unlike her husband, is an enthusiastic student of the masterpieces of art and of historical associations. Mark Twain has his own ideas about art, which are a subject of frequent controversy with his wife. She is a great admirer of Botticelli, while he stoutly maintains that the Pre-Raphaelite painters represent the infancy of art. "What would you say to the cook," so he puts it, "if she still persisted in providing you, at your present age, with nothing but milk for breakfast, dinner, and supper?"

Few of Mark Twain's numerous volumes are known in Italy, outside of the "Personal Recollections of Joan of



A VIEW OF THE GARDENS

(From a photograph taken especially for THE CRITIC. Copyright, 1904, by the CRITIC CO.)

Arc," which met with considerable success. Translation, however accurate and conscientious, fails to render the special flavor of his work; and the result is only a lame copy in which the sparkle of true wit is lamentably absent. And then in Italy, where humorous writing generally either rests on a political basis or depends on risky phrases, Mark Twain's sketches are not appreciated because the spirit which breathes in them is not always understood. The story of the "Jumping Frog," for instance, famous as it is

in America and England, has made little impression in France or Italy. Still, its author holds an unquestioned sovereignty in the realm of humor, and the newspapers have a stock of old things of his on hand, which they present to their readers as choice morsels. Even this is a homage on the part of Italy to the great writer who is sojourning within her gates; and every one hopes that the sunny climate of the peninsula may restore Mrs. Clemens's health, and inspire her husband to give us another masterpiece.



Boston Discovers Miss Nance O'Neil

By CHARLOTTE PORTER

THE supreme dramatic event of this season in Boston has been itself dramatic. In unexpectedness, richness of development, and climax it has been "as good as a play."

Miss Nance O'Neil came to Boston last January for a two weeks' engagement at the Columbia. She has been playing here ever since. The town is said to be "Nance O'Neil mad," and to have exiled her orchestra to durance perpetual beneath the stage.

The editor of *THE CRITIC* said last year, I believe, in a brief notice accompanying a noticeable but inadequate picture of Miss O'Neil, that "her acting had been highly commended by good judges." Although that is perfectly true,—despite the fact, too, that she has had extraordinary successes in San Francisco, Melbourne, and Honolulu,—it is yet true that she was practically unknown in the East. She owes her recent notable triumph to no acclaim whatsoever.

The Columbia where she opened is out of the way and has a vogue ill adapted to such plays and such art as hers. Yet there anew she compelled attention. "Wherever Prince Rupert sits there is the head of the table." Thanks to her own distinction on the one side, on the other side to those discriminating and incorruptible playgoers who care so much for genuinely artistic plays that they go to them wherever they may be seen, this unlikely theatre suddenly wheeled into place as the heart of the town.

Miss O'Neil at first played *Hedda* and *Magda* for less than a pittance to a handful of people. But the stir of deep emotion and high artistic pleasure she excited stormed the box-office and bowled over all handicaps.

Profits arose, it is reported, from \$32 or so, when the town was as yet unaware of the greatness within its gates, to \$1500 at the first performance of "*Camille*," when the general public was awaking to a lively sense of what

it now takes to be the most potential personality on the English-speaking stage. The profits are stated to have been \$40,000 in the first six weeks. Theatrical men of prominence took a hand promptly. Miss O'Neil was moved down-town before the now famous fortnight of discovery was out. Since then, under contract with Mr. John B. Schoeffel, she has played successively—a unique occurrence surely in a single city and season—at three of the most prominent theatres—the Tremont, Colonial, and Hollis Street—and enacted no less than twelve different parts. These parts have been various, old and new, subtle and simple, but none trivial. Those least congenial to Miss O'Neil's nobly tragic note have asserted some dominating quality in the impersonation. Rarest trait of all, they have each been conceived, rendered, and made to look essentially different.

After the shrewd, loyal, and masterful *Magda*; the sophisticated, mentally alert, and fascinatingly villainous *Hedda*; the meek-witted but quick-hearted, volcanic *Marie* of Sudermann's "*John's Fire*," given for the first time in English on January 21st, there followed a series of "old-timers": "*Camille*," "*Parthenia*," "*Peg Woffington*," "*Leah*." Then came the *Fru Inger* of Ibsen's great historical tragedy, never before played in English. It is plotted in his earlier manner not yet emerged from the classic method, but already betraying a modern touch, though still worlds away from the latter-day Ibsen of the better-known social dramas. Scott's *Meg Merrilles*, made famous by Charlotte Cushman, challenged attention as a *tour de force*. Then Giacometti's *Judith* and Queen Elizabeth, marked deeply with Ristori's mark, received for her audiences henceforth the special impress of Miss O'Neil. Finally, now, on closing her season here, for culmination of the whole, comes Shakespeare's *Lady Mac-*



MISS NANCE O'NEILL AS CAMILLE

beth. As Miss O'Neil plays her she is essentially modern and femininely charming. She is in love with her husband, and ambitious for him. She reinforces Macbeth's mental cowardice with a dauntlessness of resource and energy the more profoundly womanly because it is so entirely an inward force responding to his needs. His brute force and great resources of physical courage overwhelm her finer spirit. It learns, by its overthrow, that it cannot stoop to command on the lower level of brute force without self-destruction.

Naturally in an epoch of dull spectacular externalism these humanly individualized plays have roused an unwonted thrill. They have amounted to a dramatic renaissance. It has been a stunner to critics or other persons of shallow culture, whether of the sort that loathes new plays or the sort that scorns old ones. It has been of incalculable influence in leading the public toward such intelligent sympathy with the drama in all its manifestations both elder-day and present-day as Miss O'Neil herself exemplifies.

Miss O'Neil was born in San Francisco, and is thoroughly American, her mother a Virginian, her father a New Englander. The name she bears is one derived for stage use from Nance Oldfield, the famous comedienne, and Eliza O'Neil, the not less famous tragic actress of the seventeenth century.

In person she is very fair, with a nobly modelled face. She is tall to stateliness, and has ease, grace, and shapeliness of figure. The accompanying photographs of her show her as Magda and as Camille. Mr. E. H. Clement, the editor of the *Transcript*, is responsible, I venture to say, for the following description in the *Transcript* of her play of gesture:

Evidently as far as natural endowment goes, for the great position of leading "tragedienne" of her time, in English-speaking countries she has no near rival. Nothing in the way of training, either, seems to be lacking. From her beautiful arm and hand and most exquisite use of wrist and the open fingers in gesture—nobody since Edwin Booth has displayed such hand-play—one could construct all the figures of the traditional poses, as given in Delarte and the old French works for the expres-

sion or heightening of all the various passions and emotions. As with the arm and hand, so with the whole superb figure, all of its movements were "express and admirable"; and yet its arrests of motion and its repose did the most powerful work. The way the tall figure has stalked or stopped short, or merely stood and waited for the blows of fate . . . has been enough at times to fix the house in stillness that could be felt and heard.

From Mrs. Erving Winslow, formerly Catherine Reignolds, who was moved to write of Miss O'Neil when she first saw her, January 16th, I quote as to her voice and technique in general:

It is for the sake of our theatre-goers, for the sake of the theatre and of the art of acting, that I hope to see attention widely turned to this gifted young woman. Success must inevitably come to her, and perhaps it is all the safer and all the surer if it comes by degrees and is won by sheer deserving. To have acquired her technique, Miss O'Neil must have been a devoted student, and as art is a jealous mistress, such magnetism as she exerts can never have been obtained without sacrifice of all other pursuits and pleasures, for which I honor her.

The young actress has all the good natural endowments for the stage. She is a graceful, leopard-like creature, whose motions suggest the sweep of William Blake's wonderful lines. Her voice has every modulation, every variety—sweet, low, and musical, rich, deep, and vibrant. But her rarest quality is the intellectual grasp of the character which evidences the correctness of her study and the ideality of her conception. To all else she adds the crowning charm of reserve—not its semblance, which is often mere incapacity, but that repose which assures the spectator of the power to reach the climax, illuminated by her temperamental power, through the perfection of technique.

Let us be quick to recognize and welcome a new artist worthy to stand with the very highest.

Miss O'Neil's personal style in acting must be recognized as quite her own. Its sincerity is absolute and of the highest order. Her way of getting hold of her character is through direct, brooding study of how to render life and her author in unmistakable integrity.

In a word, she has great gifts of person, character, and brain as well as genius. She has, moreover, a robust capacity for unremitting, hard work. It has brought her now to a high pitch



MISS O'NEIL AS MAGDA

of proficiency and power. Yet she convinces one of her reserve force and promise of development. Her plans for the future are still more interesting than her present achievement.

She learned to act by long hard work. As a tall and very thin girl she presented herself one morning in the early part of October, 1893, to McKee Rankin during a rehearsal at the Alcazar Theatre in San Francisco. Her unusually fair hair contrasted strangely with her serious eyes, and although plainly a young girl she had the reserve of a woman. She brought a letter of introduction from Peter Robertson, the dramatic critic of the *Chronicle*. He wrote: "Here is a young friend of mine who wants to go on the stage. Kindly discourage her." Mr. Rankin did so: "My dear child," he said, "if you go on the stage you must expect to give up your liberty; you will become a slave of the public. The greater your success, the greater your slavery."

She was not abashed. Mr. Rankin finally permitted her to study for a small part in a play called "Sara." The girl showed surprising talent, and Mr. Rankin gave her a slightly more important part before the piece was put on. It was produced at the Alcazar the latter part of October, 1893. In it she played the part of a nun, and appeared for the first time in her life on any stage. She had never even taken part in amateur theatricals. The first line she spoke on the stage was, "Nanon Beaudet, you are dismissed from San Lazare." "She was very awkward," says Mr. Rankin, "and she seemed to be all elbows." Her next play was called "Long Branch." She played a soubrette part very well; but it was not until she played Captain Tommy, a mining-camp woman of loose character, in "The Danites" that she showed genius. On the first night, she said these lines with such rare feeling that the audience wept and applauded as they had never applauded before: "You don't know much about my kind, Widder, and I hopes you never may; but we are human for all that, and one of these days you may realize that even sich as I have hearts ter feél and hands

ter help." Mr. Rankin now realized that he had found a really great actress. She says of this that during the day when they were playing "The Danites" in a little half-civilized town in Colorado she walked about more or less, and just as she was returning to the place where she was staying a woman came out of a saloon. "She reminded me," she says, "of the character I was playing. I wondered how she would feel if she had to say and mean what I had to say and not mean. When I went on to play my part that night I thought of that woman again as if I were that sort of woman, and as I thought I spoke and acted. I forgot myself, I forgot that I must try to act, and the next thing I knew the audience was applauding and shouting its pleasure. Mr. Rankin came running back of the scenes with the tears streaming down his face. 'That was great, great!' he said. 'What?' I asked, with perfect sincerity. 'Your acting in that last scene,' he answered. 'But I did n't try to act,' I exclaimed, and then I saw what he had meant some time before when he had reproved me and I muttered something about having tried my best to act. He gazed very steadily at me and then he said: 'My dear little girl, never do it again. Don't *try* to act.' His words did n't make a deep impression on me then, but when I went to bed that night I began to think of them and I thought of them till dawn came. I realized now that I had won the secret of good acting. But the chasm between knowing how to do a thing and doing it is wide and deep. The secret I discovered, at last, that night in 'The Danites,' it took me years of weary barn-storming to put in thorough practice. Before I appeared as a star (in 'The Jewess,' or 'Leah,' in San Francisco, in 1898) I played through all the small towns in the West and Northwest, appearing in fully a hundred characters, varying from soubrettes to heavies. We played in everything, from barns to first-class theatres; and in all kinds of plays, from 'The Kanuck,' '49,' 'Storm-beaten,' 'The Great Metropolis,' 'The Bachelor's Baby,' 'East

'Lynne,' and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' to 'Hamlet.' That is the way that I learned to act; it was work, work, work, work, long and hard and lots of it. Other actresses may learn in other ways, other women might not learn by my way. Yes, I believe that all forms

of art are inborn, but some arts cannot blossom without long cultivation."

After the success in San Francisco already spoken of came the successes in Honolulu and Australia and Egypt, and the trip around the world. Finally has come this Boston success.

A Dinner at —*

The Adventures of an Author with His Own Hero

By O. HENRY

ALL that day—in fact from the moment of his creation—Van Sweller had conducted himself fairly well in my eyes. Of course I had had to make many concessions; but in return he had been no less considerate. Once or twice we had had sharp, brief contentions over certain points of behavior; but, prevailingly, give and take had been our rule.

His morning toilet provoked our first tilt. Van Sweller went about it confidently.

"The usual thing, I suppose, old chap," he said, with a smile and a yawn. "I ring for a b. and s., and then I have my tub. I splash a good deal in the water, of course. You are aware that there are two ways in which I can receive Tommy Carmichael when he looks in to have a chat about polo. I can talk to him through the bathroom door, or I can be picking at a grilled bone which my man has brought in. Which would you prefer?"

I smiled with diabolic satisfaction at his coming discomfiture.

"Neither," I said. "You will make your appearance on the scene when a gentleman should—after you are fully dressed, which indubitably private function shall take place behind closed doors. And I will feel indebted to you if, after you do appear, your deportment and manners are such that it will not be necessary to inform the public, in order to appease its apprehension, that you have taken a bath."

Van Sweller slightly elevated his brows.

"Oh, very well," he said, a trifle piqued. "I rather imagine it concerns you more than it does me. Cut the 'tub' by all means, if you think best. But it has been the usual thing, you know."

This was my victory; but after Van Sweller emerged from his apartments in the "Beaujolie" I was vanquished in a dozen small but well-contested skirmishes. I allowed him a cigar; but routed him on the question of naming its brand. But he worsted me when I objected to giving him a "coat unmistakably English in its cut." I allowed him to "stroll down Broadway," and even permitted "passers by" (God knows there's nowhere to pass but by) to "turn their heads and gaze with evident admiration at his erect figure." I demeaned myself, and, as a barber, gave him a "smooth, dark face with its keen, frank eye, and firm jaw."

Later on he looked in at the club and saw Freddy Vavasour, the polo team captain, dawdling over grilled bone No. 1.

"Dear old boy," began Van Sweller; but in an instant I had seized him by the collar and dragged him aside with the scantiest courtesy.

"For heaven's sake talk like a man," I said, sternly. "Do you think it is manly to use those mushy and inane forms of address? That man is neither dear nor old nor a boy."

To my surprise Van Sweller turned upon me a look of frank pleasure.

* See advertising column, "Where to Dine Well," in the daily newspapers.

"I am glad to hear you say that," he said, heartily. "I used those words because I have been forced to say them so often. They really are contemptible. Thanks for correcting me, dear old boy."

Still I must admit that Van Sweller's conduct in the park that morning was almost without flaw. The courage, the dash, the modesty, the skill, and fidelity that he displayed atoned for everything.

This is the way the story runs.

Van Sweller has been a gentleman member of the "Rugged Riders," the company that made a war with a foreign country famous. Among his comrades was Lawrence O'Roon, a man whom Van Sweller liked. A strange thing—and a hazardous one in fiction—was that Van Sweller and O'Roon resembled each other mightily in face, form, and general appearance. After the war Van Sweller pulled wires, and O'Roon was made a mounted policeman.

Now, one night in New York there are commemorations and libations by old comrades, and in the morning mounted policeman O'Roon, unused to potent liquids,—another premise hazardous in fiction,—finds the earth bucking and bounding like a bronco, with no stirrup into which he may insert foot and save his honor and his badge.

Noblesse oblige! Surely. So out along the driveways and bridle paths trots Hudson Van Sweller in the uniform of his incapacitated comrade, as like unto him as one French pea is unto a *petit pois*.

It is, of course, jolly larks for Van Sweller, who has wealth and social position enough for him to masquerade safely even as a police commissioner doing his duty, if he wished to do so. But society, not given to scanning the countenances of mounted policemen, sees nothing unusual in the officer on the beat.

And then comes the runaway.

That is a fine scene—the swaying victoria, the impetuous, daft horses plunging through the line of scattering vehicles, the driver stupidly holding

his broken reins, and the ivory-white face of Amy Ffolliott, as she clings desperately with each slender hand. Fear has come and gone: it has left her expression pensive and just a little pleading, for life is not so bitter.

And then the clatter and swoop of mounted policeman Van Sweller! Oh, it was—but the story has not yet been printed. When it is you shall learn how he sent his bay like a bullet after the imperilled victoria. A Crichton, a Crœsus, and a Centaur in one, he hurls the invincible combination into the chase.

When the story is printed you will admire the breathless scene where Van Sweller checks the headlong team. And then he looks into Amy Ffolliott's eyes and sees two things—the possibilities of a happiness he has long sought, and a nascent promise of it. He is unknown to her; but he stands in her sight illuminated by the hero's potent glory, she his and he hers by all the golden, fond, unreasonable laws of love and light literature.

Ay, that is a rich moment. And it will stir you to find Van Sweller in that fruitful nick of time thinking of his comrade O'Roon, who is cursing his gyrating bed and incapable legs in an unsteady room in a West Side hotel while Van Sweller holds his badge and his honor.

Van Sweller hears Miss Ffolliott's voice thrillingly asking the name of her preserver. If Hudson Van Sweller, in policeman's uniform, has saved the life of palpitating beauty in the park—where is mounted policeman O'Roon, in whose territory the deed is done? How quickly by a word can the hero reveal himself, thus discarding his masquerade of ineligibility and doubling the romance! But there is his friend!

Van Sweller touches his cap. "It's nothing, Miss," he says, sturdily; "that's what we are paid for—to do our duty." And away he rides. But the story does not end there.

As I have said, Van Sweller carried off the park scene to my decided satisfaction. Even to me he was a hero when he foreswore, for the sake of his

friend, the romantic promise of his adventure. It was later in the day, amongst the more exacting conventions that encompass the society hero, when we had our liveliest disagreement. At noon he went to O'Roon's room and found him far enough recovered to return to his post, which he at once did.

At about six o'clock in the afternoon Van Sweller fingered his watch, and flashed at me a brief look full of such shrewd cunning that I suspected him at once.

"Time to dress for dinner, old man," he said, with exaggerated carelessness.

"Very well," I answered, without giving him a clew to my suspicions; "I will go with you to your rooms and see that you do the thing properly. I suppose that every author must be a valet to his own hero."

He affected cheerful acceptance of my somewhat officious proposal to accompany him. I could see that he was annoyed by it, and that fact fastened deeper in my mind the conviction that he was meditating some act of treachery.

When he had reached his apartments he said to me, with a too patronizing air: "There are, as you perhaps know, quite a number of little distinguishing touches to be had out of the dressing process. Some writers rely almost wholly upon them. I suppose that I am to ring for my man, and that he is to enter noiselessly, with an expressionless countenance."

"He may enter," I said, with decision, "and only enter. Valets do not usually enter a room shouting college songs or with St. Vitus's dance in their faces; so the contrary may be assumed without fatuous or gratuitous asseveration."

"I must ask you to pardon me," continued Van Sweller, gracefully, "for annoying you with questions, but some of your methods are a little new to me. Shall I don a full-dress suit with an immaculate white tie—or is there another tradition to be upset?"

"You will wear," I replied, "evening dress, such as a gentleman wears. If it is full, your tailor should be responsible for its bogginess. And I will

leave it to whatever erudition you are supposed to possess whether a white tie is rendered any whiter by being immaculate. And I will leave it to the consciences of you and your man whether a tie that is not white, and therefore not immaculate, could possibly form any part of a gentleman's evening dress. If not, then the perfect tie is included and understood in the term "dress," and its expressed addition predicates either a redundancy of speech or the spectacle of a man wearing two ties at once."

With this mild but deserved rebuke I left Van Sweller in his dressing-room, and waited for him in his library.

About an hour later his valet came out, and I heard him telephone for an electric cab. Then out came Van Sweller, smiling, but with that sly, secretive design in his eye that was puzzling me.

"I believe," he said easily, as he smoothed a glove, "that I will drop in at —* for dinner."

I sprang up, angrily, at his words. This, then, was the paltry trick he had been scheming to play upon me. I faced him with a look so grim that even his patrician poise was flustered.

"You will never do so," I exclaimed, "with my permission. What kind of a return is this," I continued, hotly, "for the favors I have granted you? I gave you a 'Van' to your name when I might have called you 'Perkins' or 'Simpson.' I have humbled myself so far as to brag of your polo ponies, your automobiles, and the iron muscles that you acquired when you were stroke-oar of your 'varsity eight,' or 'eleven,' whichever it is. I created you for the hero of this story; and I will not submit to having you queer it. I have tried to make you a typical young New York gentleman of the highest social station and breeding. You have no reason to complain of my treatment of you. Amy Ffolliott, the girl you are to win, is a prize for any man to be thankful for, and cannot be equalled for beauty—provided the story is illustrated by the right artist.

* See advertising column, "Where to Dine Well," in the daily newspapers.

I do not understand why you should try to spoil everything. I had thought you were a gentleman."

"What is it you are objecting to, old man?" asked Van Sweller, in a surprised tone.

"To your dining at —,*" I answered. "The pleasure would be yours, no doubt, but the responsibility would fall upon me. You intend deliberately to make me out a tout for a restaurant. Where you dine to-night has not the slightest connection with the thread of our story. You know very well that the plot requires that you be in front of the Alhambra Opera House at 11.30 where you are to rescue Miss Ffoliott a second time as the fire engine crashes into her cab. Until that time your movements are immaterial to the reader. Why can't you dine out of sight somewhere, as many a hero does, instead of insisting upon an inapposite and vulgar exhibition of yourself?"

"My dear fellow," said Van Sweller, politely, but with a stubborn tightening of his lips, "I'm sorry it does n't please you, but there's no help for it. Even a character in a story has rights that an author cannot ignore. The hero of a story of New York social life must dine at —* at least once during its action."

"'Must,'" I echoed, disdainfully; "why 'must'? Who demands it?"

"The magazine editors," answered Van Sweller, giving me a glance of significant warning.

"But why?" I persisted.

"To please subscribers around Kankakee, Ill.," said Van Sweller, without hesitation.

"How do you know these things?" I inquired, with sudden suspicion. "You never came into existence until this morning. You are only a character in fiction, anyway. I, myself, created you. How is it possible for you to know anything?"

"Pardon me for referring to it," said Van Sweller, with a sympathetic smile, "but I have been the hero of hundreds of stories of this kind."

I felt a slow flush creeping into my face.

"I thought . . ." I stammered; "I was hoping . . . that is . . . Oh, well, of course an absolutely original conception in fiction is impossible in these days."

"Metropolitan types," continued Van Sweller, kindly, "do not offer a hold for much originality. I've sauntered through every story in pretty much the same way. Now and then the women writers have made me cut some rather strange capers, for a gentleman; but the men generally pass me along from one to another without much change. But never yet, in any story, have I failed to dine at —.*"

"You will fail this time," I said, emphatically.

"Perhaps so," admitted Van Sweller, looking out of the window into the street below, "but if so it will be for the first time. The authors all send me there. I fancy that many of them would have liked to accompany me, but for the little matter of the expense."

"I say I will be touting for no restaurant," I repeated, loudly. "You are subject to my will, and I declare that you shall not appear of record this evening until the time arrives for you to rescue Miss Ffoliott again. If the reading public cannot conceive that you have dined during that interval at some one of the thousands of establishments provided for that purpose that do not receive literary advertisement it may suppose, for aught I care, that you have gone fasting."

"Thank you," said Van Sweller, rather coolly, "you are hardly courteous. But take care! it is at your own risk that you attempt to disregard a fundamental principle in metropolitan fiction—one that is dear alike to author and reader. I shall, of course attend to my duty when it comes time to rescue your heroine; but I warn you that it will be your loss if you fail to send me to-night to dine at —.*"

"I will take the consequences if there are to be any," I replied. "I am not yet come to be sandwich man for an eating-house."

I walked over to a table where I had left my cane and gloves. I heard the

* See advertising column, "Where to Dine Well," in the daily newspapers.

whirr of the electric alarm in the cab below, and I turned quickly. Van Sweller was gone.

I rushed down the stairs and out to the curb. An empty hansom was just passing. I hailed the driver excitedly.

"See that auto cab half-way down the block?" I shouted. "Follow it. Don't lose sight of it for an instant, and I will give you two dollars!"

If I only had been one of the characters in my story instead of myself I could easily have offered \$10 or \$25 or even \$100. But \$2 was all I felt justified in expending, with fiction at its present rates.

The cab driver, instead of lashing his animal into a foam, proceeded at a deliberate trot that suggested a by-the-hour arrangement.

But I suspected Van Sweller's design; and when we lost sight of his cab I ordered my driver to proceed at once to ____.*

I found Van Sweller at a table under a palm, just glancing over the menu, with a hopeful waiter hovering at his elbow.

"Come with me," I said, inexorably. "You will not give me the slip again. Under my eye you shall remain until 11.30."

Van Sweller countermanded the order for his dinner, and arose to accompany me. He could scarcely do less. A fictitious character is but poorly equipped for resisting a hungry but live author who comes to drag him forth from a restaurant. All he said was: "You were just in time; but I think you are making a mistake. You cannot afford to ignore the wishes of the great reading public."

I took Van Sweller to my own rooms—to my room. He had never seen anything like it before.

"Sit on that trunk," I said to him,

"while I observe whether the landlady is stalking us. If she is not, I will get things at a delicatessen store below, and cook something for you in a pan over the gas jet. It will not be so bad. Of course nothing of this will appear in the story."

"Jove! old man!" said Van Sweller, looking about him with interest, "this is a jolly little closet you live in! Where the devil do you sleep?—Oh, that pulls down! And I say—what is this under the corner of the carpet?—Oh, a frying-pan! I see—clever idea! Fancy cooking over the gas! What larks it will be!"

"Think of anything you could eat?" I asked; "try a chop, or what?"

"Anything," said Van Sweller, enthusiastically, "except a grilled bone."

Two weeks afterward the postman brought me a large, fat envelope. I opened it, and took out something that I had seen before, and this type-written letter from a magazine that encourages society fiction:

Your short story, "The Badge of Policeman O'Roon," is herewith returned.

We are sorry that it has been unfavorably passed upon; but it seems to lack in some of the essential requirements of our publication.

The story is splendidly constructed; its style is strong and imitable, and its action and character-drawing deserve the highest praise. As a story *per se* it has merit beyond anything that we have read for some time. But, as we have said, it fails to come up to some of the standards we have set.

Could you not re-write the story, and inject into it the social atmosphere, and return it to us for further consideration? It is suggested to you that you have the hero, Van Sweller, drop in for luncheon or dinner once or twice at _____* or at the _____,* which will be in line with the changes desired.

Very truly yours,
THE EDITORS.

* See advertising column, "Where to Dine Well," in the daily newspapers.



"I WENT ON SMOKING"

Our Best Society

III

THE next day Alice rose early. Staying up late almost invariably makes her remarkably bright at breakfast. As I dragged myself to the table, she looked at me sympathetically:

"You poor dear!" she said.

"There must be something the matter with my nervous system," I remarked. "It's no use: I cannot dissipate. I have to spend a quiet evening to get my nerves soothed for rest."

"But it was such a mild dissipation, Edward."

"Well, you're made of cast-iron, anyway."

The coffee stimulated me. Where Alice learned to make such coffee I have never been able to find out; it must be a natural gift. I felt as if I had received an infusion of life and I believe that I should have gone cheerfully to my desk if Alice had not remarked in a tone that fairly lilted with patronage: "Now you must get some good work done this morning, Ned."

I cannot explain why, but the tone,

rather than the words, took all ambition out of me. Without speaking, I rose and entered the library. I sat at my desk and I listlessly took a pile of blank sheets and stared at it. There was not an idea in my head. I glanced over at the manuscript that stood on the little stand beside the typewriter: Alice ought to have had it copied long before; but for a week she had not touched the machine. A feeling of despair overwhelmed me. I wished that I had never become an author, and I envied those men who went to business every day and had definite tasks which gave them something to work on. It was fearful to think of sitting at that desk morning after morning and spinning fiction out of my head. After all, what did it amount to? Now those people last night: if I had been a railroad man like Van Zandt, or even a painter like Cosgrave, they would have found me interesting. I wondered absently if I could have made a success in business, or if it were too late for me to try something else besides authorship? As I sat with my hands resting on the blotter I heard Alice

approaching. I seized my pen and, as she entered, I pretended that I was writing.

"Busy?" she said in a tone of self-conscious cheerfulness.

"No!" I exclaimed.

Alice walked straight out of the room. "Dear me!" I heard her say, "we shall die of starvation."

"Alice!" I called, and for the next few minutes our little apartment was silent. At first I felt angry, then I began to reason with myself. After all, how thoughtful Alice was! She knew it was better for me that she should keep out of the way. With a sigh I turned to the desk, but not to go on with my novel. An idea had occurred to me: I would write a sketch satirizing our evening at the Van Zandts. For two hours I wrote feverishly. Then I felt a hand stroking my head and I heard a voice whisper: "Good little boy." I stopped and drew Alice down to me. For several moments we did not speak. Then I said: "Well, it's been rather a hard time, has n't it, dear?"

Alice became practical again. "Simply because you have n't learned philosophy."

"Well, I guess I've made twenty-five dollars out of last night's experience."

Alice shrugged her shoulders. "Just half our rent," she conceded. "But you must n't let yourself get sidetracked again. You've lost a day on the novel."

"I'll do some work on it this afternoon," I conceded. "Here, let me read."

Alice shook her head. "Not a word. I must look after the griddle-cakes."

My face must have brightened, for Alice threw back her head and laughed. "Now you won't be able to work this afternoon. You always go to sleep when we've had griddle-cakes for luncheon."

As she darted away, I returned to my work with a new zest. Of course, I knew why she had cooked those griddle-cakes; just to show she did not mind my being cross. After all, there was no one in the world like Alice.

Now, her refusing to listen to my sketch, that was simply to keep me from wasting time. I wondered if many writers were lucky enough to have wives so tactful. Some of them were probably bothered to death, when they ought to be hard at work. This thought started my pen going once more, and by the time the delicious aroma of the griddle-cakes reached me, I had finished the sketch.

As I entered the dining-room, Alice was placing the cakes on the table. "I thought I'd help Mary out as much as I could to-day," she said. "She's not in a very amiable mood."

"Well, I have n't been either, dear," I exclaimed, touched by my own magnanimity. "But I feel all right now, and I've got a bird of an appetite for these griddle-cakes."

"Let me help you to a chop, first, Edward," said Alice, sweetly. "Then you can have as many of the griddle-cakes as you please." When Alice takes this baby-tone with me, I usually feel resentful; but I was too happy to resent anything at that moment.

Alice poured the tea and I began to eat. She smiled, as she always does, at my habit of eating griddle-cakes with meat.

"I'm afraid you'll never become civilized, Edward," she said, passing me a cup of tea.

"I hope not," I replied contentedly.

"That's a Western custom, is n't it?" she asked, glancing at my plate.

"Very likely. Most good customs are—in eating."

Alice sighed. A long silence followed, during which I noticed that Alice only pretended to eat. When she has something on her mind she always loses her appetite. So I prepared myself for a dramatic announcement.

"Mrs. Van Zandt wants us to go up to Tuxedo a week from Saturday," she said, in a level tone that, somehow, conveyed an expectation of undeserved severity and an appeal for mercy.

By this time I had eaten a chop and several of the griddle-cakes. Alice had chosen the moment when I was about to help myself to a second plate

of the cakes. I deliberately covered the dish so that the cakes should remain warm, and I said: "Why have you been keeping that from me?"

"I have n't," Alice calmly replied.

"You knew last night, of course."

"There!" Alice held up her fork in triumph.

I waited.

"There you are again," Alice went on, putting down the fork, "diving into people's brains and pretending you know what is going on there."

"My reasoning is clear," I insisted quietly.

"It's like so much of your reasoning, dearest. It's perfect, except that it is n't true."

"If you had mentioned in the first place what was true, you'd have made the matter much less difficult."

"Oh!" Alice turned as if to leave the table. Then she said in her most patient tone: "It came by messenger an hour ago. I knew if I told you then you would n't do any more work."

"It seems to me you've been worrying a good deal about my work lately!" I exclaimed in an angry voice. Alice allowed a long pause to follow, so that my ill-humor should be well emphasized. "What does she want to do with us on Saturday?" I asked, trying to be civil, but unable to keep a hint of rudeness out of my tone.

"She wants us for the week-end!"

I groaned heavily. "That silly English expression! Why do you use such affected language?"

Alice trembled and her eyes flashed. "Because it's convenient. I do wish you'd try not to be so narrow-minded, Edward. You seem to think that people should speak just as the jays do who belong to the country town where you were brought up."

"Oh, well, if you are going to lose your temper," I said, helping myself to more of the cakes. To my astonishment, I felt amiable. I credited myself with having a good disposition.

"If you'll pass your cup, I'll give you some more tea," said Alice in a low voice.

I resolved to make a bold stroke of

generosity. "Since you wish to go to Tuxedo for the week-end, I will accompany you," I said, grandly.

"How kind of you!" Alice exclaimed, with a sarcasm that momentarily upset my equilibrium. Then she asked: "Do you really mean it?"

I waved my hand deprecatingly. "I deserve no credit for being a weak and indulgent husband."

A faint smile appeared on Alice's face, and, during the next few moments, my mind was occupied in wondering what that smile meant.

"She's rushing us, is n't she?" I said at last, as I folded my napkin, and then Alice made one of those speeches that astonish me, they seem so at variance with her trend of thought: "Oh, those people are so bored with one another, I suppose they are glad to take up any fresh interest."

On the mantel I found my pipe, filled. I smiled, pretending that I did n't know Alice was watching. As I lit the pipe, I said: "Is n't it great that we can be here all day and have our nice luncheon together? How much better this is than tearing into a restaurant and tearing out again and rushing back to an office! I suppose Van Zandt does that a good part of the time."

Alice brushed a piece of lint off my arm and looked me over with the wife's judicial eye. We walked together into the living-room, where we often sit for a while after meals. I threw myself backwards on the couch, and I blew the smoke from my pipe slowly toward the ceiling.

"Well, there's no place like home," I remarked.

"Don't say that, Edward," Alice cried, irritably. "It's so stupid and bourgeois."

I had a temptation to rise; but I felt too lazy. I merely turned my gaze on her. "Once more, dear, I wish you'd stop using fancy language."

Alice looked out of the window, seeming not to listen. We could hear the rumbling of the elevated trains, and through the small, old-fashioned panes of glass in our windows I could see the ugly New York sky-line. From

scores of chimneys smoke was rising. To the left stood the mountainous Waldorf-Astoria, bursting with its hordes of millionaires.

"Let me see," Alice remarked, apparently talking to herself. She hesitated. "What a nuisance!"

I went on smoking.

"Whom can I ask to meet Mrs. Van Zandt at luncheon?"

I puffed rapidly.

Alice looked at me and laughed. "Is n't it a queer complication?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," I untruthfully replied.

"You see, I can't ask Mrs. Eustace or Lettie Henderson for two reasons: they have n't called on me and they have n't invited me to anything."

"In other words, as lawyers say, there's no consideration. It's a finely organized business, society, is n't it?"

"It's just like our own society, Edward. We are always exchanging dinners with our friends."

This time I rose on my elbow. "And you know perfectly well how sick that makes me. If there's any expression of yours that I hate worse than any other it's 'Now we ought to invite so-and-so to dinner.' There ought n't to be any *ought* about it. We ought to ask people to dinner because we like them and because we want them, not because we have debts to pay."

Again Alice played her trick of letting my words echo through the room.

"How absurd you are, Edward! In a place like Lumley, Wisconsin, your ideas are perfectly correct. There, of course, people just *drop in*. But in New York it's altogether different."

"Well, I like to have people drop in."

"Perhaps you would n't like it so much if you had to do the housekeeping. You don't realize that 'dropping in' is the horror of housekeepers, even in Lumley. It's the cause of the most dreadful domestic tragedies."

"That's simply because the housekeepers don't know their business," I said, tapping the bowl of my pipe with my forefinger. "Why don't they keep plenty of canned food in the house?"

"And poison people?"

"Better poison them than give them hospitality that's insincere."

"Well, I don't see what I'm to do," said Alice, illogically, and for the purpose of stopping my jokes.

"Send her a meal-ticket," I grunted.

Alice drew her lips together. "If people who write you those silly letters about your books only knew how you talked at home!"

I smiled and kicked out my feet.

"It's really dreadful," Alice lamented, "to think of the people we don't know."

"And whom we'd like to invite to luncheon," I went on. "That is, indeed, a tragedy. Could n't you look up some names in the society columns and send them circulars? We might start a free lunch."

"Of course," Alice went on imperceptibly, "we can't ask any of *our* friends."

At this point—I regret to confess it—I swore. Alice looked at me without flinching. "Now that we have reached this point," I said, when I had calmed down somewhat, "you certainly must see the folly of what we are doing. Our friends are n't good enough to meet Mrs. Van Zandt! If that is n't a 'roast' on our friends! We don't deserve to have any friends."

"It may be a 'roast,' as you say, on Mrs. Van Zandt," Alice remarked, with a lift of her eyebrows. Then her face brightened. "After all, why would n't it be a good idea? We might get some of the freak people together."

I twisted my neck into an exceedingly uncomfortable position in order to rebuke Alice with a stern look. "Make them ridiculous in order to amuse Mrs. Van Zandt! Is that the idea?"

"They make themselves ridiculous," said Alice tersely. As I sank back into a more comfortable position, she continued: "Think how Amory Lambert would love to exploit himself before Mrs. Van Zandt. Don't you remember, that day we were in the street-car with him, how he fairly basked in the attention he received from the other



"ALICE WAS PLACING THE CAKES ON THE TABLE"

passengers? He did n't seem to mind their laughing at him a bit."

"He 's cut his hair," I remarked, as if this fact somehow discredited Alice's remarks.

"But his profile is still beautiful," Alice exclaimed with a laugh. "And a profile is so effective at a luncheon."

"Now don't be silly," I said.

"I 'm not," Alice exulted. "I 'm literary. That 's just the kind of remark you make when you scintillate before people."

I groaned, and, while Alice busied herself with some sewing, I lay on my back and sank peacefully to sleep. When I awoke, she was sitting in the same position, but with her knees covered with a yellow silk skirt.

"What are you doing?" I asked, dreamily.

"Making over a gown."

"For what?"

"For Saturday night," she said with cheerful distinctness.

"Oh!"

"Had you forgotten?" Alice began to work more rapidly. Without waiting for me to reply, she went on: "It seems a pity to commit this to an evening gown; but it would be foolish to try to resort to a makeshift. I really ought to have a new gown."

"What 's the matter with the gown you wore last night?"

"Of course I could n't wear that with the same people."

"Why not?"

"Because they 'd notice."

"What of it?"

"Now, Edward, you know better."

"I wish you did," I retorted, rather meanly, I admit.

"As you 've been lying asleep there," said Alice, "I 've been thinking that your way is the best. They 'll like us all the better if we 're independent. That 's what decided me to alter this gown, that, and a suggestion I got from Lettie Henderson's gown last night. So it won't cost us anything."

I pondered these remarks so long that Alice whispered: "Asleep?"

"No."

"What 's the matter?"

"The complications."

"There can't be any."

"There always are at a theatre-party. In the first place, there 's the hideous possibility of supper."

"Oh, no, we 'll go straight home," said Alice, carelessly.

"Then it 's understood that if they ask us out to supper, you 'll refuse?"

"Of course."

During the next few days I felt better, chiefly because I accomplished a lot of work. On reading over the Van Zandt sketch, I had been disappointed with it and thrown it aside, and I had returned with zest to the novel. It seemed now as if I could surely get a big price for it as a serial, perhaps four cents a word. On this basis Alice and I used to count our daily earnings. One day, when we found I had earned nearly seventy-five dollars, I went out and bought Alice some flowers. We spent the evening considering what we should do when we got rich enough to have a house of our own, and we agreed that we should be perfectly happy if we could have a little place in the country with at least one horse and a half-dozen dogs.

"Not too far away, you know," Alice said. "Perhaps somewhere in Westchester County, where we could get in and out to the theatre."

I shivered. "Oh, that late train! Would n't it be better to go farther out and then stay in town whenever we went to the theatre?"

"Think how rich we shall be when we get our plays produced!" Alice said, inconsequently, clasping her hands.

"We 'd better write them first."

"They say that Walter Hart makes a hundred and fifty thousand a year. He 's written the new play for Miss Valentine, you know."

On Saturday night Alice appeared at dinner in the altered gown. I should hardly have known it. It looked new and, as critics say of writing, it "betrayed the influence" of other gowns seen at the Van Zandts'. Just what this influence was I could not describe; it was subtle, but, like all subtle things, it made an immense difference. Alice must have suspected what I was

thinking, for she laughed knowingly and said: "We must live and learn, Edward."

"You are a very quick study," I remarked.

"If anything ever happens to you, I shall set up shop as a fashionable dress-maker. I shall be a *modiste*. I'll put out a nice little sign on Fifth Avenue—'Mademoiselle Alice—Modes.' Or do you think it would be better to have it—'Robes'? Now that's quite a problem, isn't it?"

"It's not fashionable among dress-makers to use French names any more," I remarked, becoming severe, as I always do when Alice gets into that vein of joking. "There's Mrs. Leland—you know what a hit she's made. She has a whole house in Fifth Avenue and she's always writing articles about fashions in the newspapers."

"And having her name printed on programmes as the 'designer' of the actresses' gowns. Now wouldn't that be splendid, Ned, if you could have a play produced and have me mentioned on the programmes as the designer of the costumes?"

"Well, I guess if I ever have a play produced, you'll be in some other business than dressmaking!" I exclaimed.

Alice smiled maliciously. She lifted her chin and her eyes wandered into space. "The American man in the early twentieth century," she said, as if reading aloud, "on becoming successful, never allowed his wife, even though she might have been of material aid to him, to participate in his success. The American woman, on the contrary, emancipated after years of struggle . . ."

"Don't!" I exclaimed. As Alice stared at me, with injury in her face, I went on: "If you knew how idiotic you looked when you talked like that, you'd never do it."

The evening was so pleasant that we decided to walk part way to the theatre. We crossed Stuyvesant Square and made our way to Fourteenth Street, crowded with people and brilliant with electric light from

Tony Pastor's and from the restaurants and dance-halls. That part of the town I had always disliked; but I knew that Alice revelled in it. "Isn't it lovely to be right in the midst of so much wickedness!" she said, for the express purpose of "taking a rise" out of me. I ignored the remark and, as a consequence, I had my arm squeezed. We turned into Irving Place, walking more slowly. "This is the dearest spot in the whole city," said Alice. "I'd rather live here than on Riverside Drive. See that nice row of little brick houses over there; would n't it be splendid if we could only have one of those?" She sighed luxuriously. "Well, perhaps we can some day if you'll only be more industrious, Edward,—and less literary."

At Fourth Avenue Alice suddenly became tired and we boarded a cable-car. "Let me see, where is the old theatre?" I asked.

"It is n't an old theatre," Alice replied at once. "It's new—brand-new. To-night's the opening night. It's near Fiftieth Street and Broadway."

We had to walk from Madison Avenue, and as we approached the theatre we found it blocked with carriages and with a surging crowd of people. As I pushed my way ahead Alice clung tightly to my arm. "Oh, is n't this dreadful!" she gasped. "We have n't any tickets, and suppose we can't get in! Suppose we should miss them!"

In the lobby, however, we found Monty and Teddy with Miss Henderson. They greeted us as if we were participating in a huge joke. Alice at once entered into their mood, laughing delightedly, though, so far as I could perceive, there was nothing to laugh at. After greeting Alice, the two boys nodded to me perfunctorily; Alice afterward said they would have been more cordial if I had not frozen them by my manner. Miss Henderson, however, was extremely cordial, and I found myself liking her even better than I had before.

"Where are the Van Zandts?" Alice asked, and Monty echoed: "Where, oh, where?"

"They are always late," Miss Henderson explained.

"Van Zandt has to have his cigar," said Teddy, with a knowing smile.

"I don't blame him," I remarked reminiscently, but, the significance of my remark being lost, no one smiled. Alice has often told me that I ought to broaden my humor. Some of my best things pass without notice and with a puzzled surprise.

"Mrs. Wainwright Smith is coming," Miss Henderson explained.

"Oh, well, then, we'll be lucky if we get in before the second act," said Monty, in pretended despair. "She's probably dining with the Van Zandts, and they'll have to bind and gag her to make her stop talking and to get her out of the house."

At that moment the Van Zandts appeared with a bright-eyed little woman with gray hair and a face that somehow seemed youthful without really being youthful, walking between them. "Well, we've nearly broken our necks to get here," the little woman exclaimed, glancing from Lettie Henderson to the two boys. When Mrs. Van Zandt had presented Alice and me, Mrs. Smith went on: "I gave my word to Lily Valentine that I'd be here before the curtain went up. If I'm not, she'll never forgive me."

"Then you'd better give the tickets for the other box to Monty, dear," said Mrs. Van Zandt to her husband. "You young unmarried people," she went on lightly, "are to go with Mrs. Eustace and Mr. Cosgrave."

I saw Monty's face droop, and for a moment an expression that was positively wicked appeared in Teddy's dark eyes.

"Have we got to wait for them?" Monty asked with boyish ruefulness, and Teddy at once replied:

"Here—I'll take Lettie into the box and you bring Mrs. Eustace and Cosgrave along when they come."

"That will be splendid," said Mrs. Van Zandt, with a humorous appreciation of Teddy's nerve.

But Lettie Henderson protested. "I don't mind waiting a bit," she explained.

"Here, my child, don't make the situation difficult," said Mrs. Smith, with the authority of a veteran. "There's no knowing when those silly, middle-aged people will get here. They are both terrible dawdlers. Besides, Lily Valentine won't want the box to be empty when the curtain goes up. So come along," she added, starting for the entrance-gate. "It will do Monty good to wait."

"Well, give Lily a good hand in case I'm not there when she comes on," Monty called after us.

I noticed that Lettie Henderson seemed confused and I wondered why. Mrs. Van Zandt, too, showed apprehension in her face. Alice afterward explained that Letty objected to being seen in the box with Teddy without a chaperon and that Mrs. Van Zandt did not have presence of mind enough to meet the situation. It happened, however, that the two boxes were adjoining, and Van Zandt, after seeing us settled in our box, stepped out and took a place beside Miss Henderson.

The curtain had not yet risen and the orchestra was noisily playing. The seats were nearly all filled and a crowd of men stood at the back. Most of the other boxes were occupied, the women who sat in front creating a curious effect of bare shoulders, feathers, and white gloves. For a few moments we surveyed the house, all green and gold, with meaningless and fantastic ornamentation. Mrs. Smith, plainly a woman of quick impressions quickly formulated, drew her lips together and addressed us in a low voice: "Jewy."

We all smiled, but no one spoke. "Is n't it extraordinary," Mrs. Smith went on, "the way the Jews are running this town? Why, they control all our theatres," she concluded, as if her second remark positively established her first.

"They are an extraordinary people," said Van Zandt, less for the purpose of being trite, as Alice would say, than for the sake of giving Mrs. Smith's comment civil attention. "I hate to get up against them in business."

"They don't leave anything for

anybody else," Mrs. Smith broke out. "But Lily says they are paying her splendidly. This year they are going to give her five hundred dollars a week and a percentage of the receipts. Upon my word, I'm almost sorry I'm not an actress myself. I've a good mind to ask Lily for an engagement."

"Mrs. Smith discovered Miss Valentine," said Mrs. Van Zandt, turning to Alice, as if afraid we might be misled by the vivacious lady's talk.

"Good Heavens, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "I did n't discover her. That is," she explained, deprecatingly, "I never did anything for her as an actress. I just met her once at the Howlands'. They're some dear friends of mine, newspaper people that I met one winter in the South. They are fond of actors and Bohemians of all kinds. I just love to go to see them. Well, one day when I was calling on Milly Howland, I met the prettiest creature—she must have been about seventeen then. They told me she was an actress, the daughter of old Tom Valentine, who used to be a stage-manager or something of the sort in New York. Well, I nearly fainted away when I heard that this chit of a girl had been on the stage for three years. She did n't have any position then—it seems to me, from what Lily says, that most of them are out of positions half the time—and she was dreadfully poor. Well, I had a good talk with her and I liked her so much that I asked her to come to see me one day with Milly. Then that summer she stayed with me for a few weeks in my place at Narragansett, and we've been great friends ever since."

"Mrs. Smith is leaving out the most important part," interposed Mrs. Van Zandt. "She introduced Miss Valentine to every one in New York who could help her. That is what has made her advance so rapidly."

"Well, to be perfectly frank, I often wonder what it is that has made Lily do so well. It must be her looks. I often say to her: 'Lily, I love you, but I don't think you can act for two cents.'"

"How does she like that?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, she takes anything from me," Mrs. Smith replied easily. Then her eyes roamed over the house. "But is n't this a monstrosity? Poor Lily told me to be prepared for the worst. 'I like it,' she said. 'It's just my idea of what a theatre ought to be. But I know you'll hate it.' In some ways Lily has the most awful ideas."

"Don't you think people get queer ideas by living so much in the theatre?" asked Mrs. Van Zandt, with an air of expressing an absolutely new thought.

"Queer?" Mrs. Smith rolled her eyes. "That child fairly flabbergasts me sometimes by the things she says. Upon my word, I feel like an infant beside her. She can talk as if she was about ninety, and then she can suddenly relapse into an innocence that fairly takes my breath away." Her eyes turned toward the auditorium again. "But why don't our architects build at least one decent-looking theatre in New York?"

"It seems to me that most people are way off the track in their idea of what a theatre ought to be," I remarked.

"Do tell us what your idea is," Mrs. Van Zandt urged.

Now this was the very purpose I was leading up to; but by being suddenly invited to exploit my views, I felt uncomfortable. At that instant, too, I realized that I was afraid of Mrs. Wainwright Smith. There was something terribly piercing about those little eyes.

"It seems to me that all this ornamentation and coloring are wrong," I modestly began, and I saw that Mrs. Smith was disappointed. So I was put on my mettle. "I wish that we could have a theatre as simple as a Greek temple."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Smith, shaking her head sympathetically. "Doesn't it seem strange that after the Greeks showed how things should be done to get beautiful effects, people should ever have been such idiots as to work in any other way. Well, now go ahead, and tell us about your theatre."

I felt my face flushing. "I guess that's all," I replied, feeling that I was expected to say something fine,



"WE'D BETTER WRITE THEM FIRST"

and fearing that my material would give out. "I'd have the exterior of stone," I went on, "not merely because it's more beautiful and lasting, but because it's safer from fire. Most of our theatres are cheap, transient things."

"Like this," Mrs. Smith agreed. "It's shoddy. You can see that it's built for mere show. In a few weeks, when it begins to wear a little, the cheapness will be shocking."

"The truth is," I went on, gaining confidence from Mrs. Smith's sympa-

thy, "most of our theatres are built as mere speculations. The managers realize that their business is uncertain, and they can't afford to build theatres of permanent value. Now, a theatre is just as important as any public institution. It's a part of the life of the city. In fact, we can't get along without the theatre," I went on, warming up.

"Heavens! I can," exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "I am always saying to Lily that I believe I'll never go to another performance again."

After this setback, I calmed down somewhat. "With many people it's their only amusement."

"I suppose you'd have colonnaded porticos and all that," said Mrs. Van Zandt, who had plainly been waiting for a chance to express this surmise.

"I should be willing to leave those details to the architect," I replied, grandly. "I should only insist that he keep the exterior absolutely free from ornamentation. The entrance and the lobby I should like to have of stone, too, preferably white marble. The only ornaments should be busts of distinguished playwrights and actors of the past and a few portraits of actors."

"But nothing like those dreadful crayon-portraits of actors that you see in the lobbies of so many of our theatres," exclaimed Mrs. Smith, throwing up her hands. "They positively make me shiver."

I shook my head, laughing. I, too, had shuddered at those monstrosities. "I would only have portraits in oil, that possessed value as works of art. And not one of them should be the portrait of a living actor."

"Oh, Lily Valentine would object to that on the score of advertising," said Mrs. Smith, her little eyes shining.

"Now tell us about the interior of your theatre," said Mrs. Van Zandt, in a tone that I think was not really meant to be patronizing. The orchestra had begun to play for the third time, and I noticed that the audience was beginning to be restless.

"For the interior the greatest difficulty," I went on, "would be in achieving simplicity without bareness, and applying a harmonious and quiet coloring without monotony. In a theatre it is, of course, the stage that is really important, and all this superfluous gilt and filigree business merely distracts the interest and leaves the mind fatigued for the performance. In my theatre," I went on, boldly, "I should n't have any gilt or any hangings or any little Cupids bearing slips with 'Shakespeare' and 'Sheridan' written on them."

"And then you'd have more room

in the boxes, would n't you?" said Mrs. Van Zandt, looking at me with a pleading in her eyes that made me feel exceedingly foolish. "And you'd have good, broad seats."

"And by all means keep the theatre small," exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "These big auditoriums are ridiculous—the effects are so dissipated. I'm worried to death for fear Lily won't be heard."

At this point we heard a rustling in the next box, and we knew that Mrs. Eustace had arrived. A few moments later her handsome face leaned toward our box, and we received a whispered greeting. Then, just as the lights suddenly blurred from our sight the green and gold and the shoulders and feathers, Gilbert Van Zandt stealthily returned to us.

"I hope that Lily is going to make good," I heard him whisper to his wife.

The first act represented a New York drawing-room in which all the characters were supposed to be men and women of wealth and position. The men were commonplace and ungrammatical, and the women were not merely vulgar, but in their attitude toward life almost vicious, that is, with the exception of the heroine, who was presented as the redeeming feature, and who, beside the others, seemed curiously out of place, and yet, for this very reason, all the more effective. The whole thing was grossly exaggerated; but the people spoke so smartly, they dressed so well, and they all had such an air of assurance, that the impression they made somehow suggested real life. It was plain that the audience was interested in the play and delighted with the beauty and the ingenuousness of the star. When the curtain fell on the first act, I was trying to make up my mind about the girl's qualities.

"Is n't she sweet?" said Mrs. Van Zandt, and I realized that I might have known she would make exactly this remark.

Of course, we all exclaimed that she was delightful.

"I've never seen her do so well," Mrs. Smith conceded. "Walter Hart

has helped her immensely. He has worked her nearly to death."

"Then he's trained her for the part?" I asked.

"Oh, she says he's the most wonderful trainer that ever lived. He knows all the tricks. And he's especially successful in training women. I wonder if he's in one of those boxes." Mrs. Smith raised her opera-glass and calmly surveyed the boxes across the theatre. "No, I thought he might be with the Ormsbys; but he's probably keeping out of sight."

"Where do you suppose he gets his types?" Mrs. Van Zandt asked, addressing Mrs. Smith.

"Makes them up altogether, or exaggerates them from people he meets."

"Does he really *know* anything about society?" Mrs. Van Zandt asked, with sweet reproach in her tone.

"Oh, yes, of a certain kind—the noisy, pushing people. You see, they lend themselves to this sort of thing. But the way he burlesques them is ridiculous. However, that's why people like his plays. I suppose the real thing would seem unnatural to them."

Our talk was interrupted by the appearance at the back of our box of Mrs. Eustace and Cosgrave. At sight of Cosgrave I had a sense of discomfort; why, I could not have explained, unless it was, possibly, because I noticed the familiar way in which he greeted Alice. One might have imagined he had known Alice for years. It was unpleasant, too, his surveying her critically, as if she were a specimen of some kind. I had to stand at the back of the box and go on talking, with my mind focussed on what Cosgrave had to say, but gleaning only enough to make me realize that he was complimenting Alice again and speaking of doing a portrait of her. Suddenly the orchestra stopped and we all realized that we had been talking very loudly. A moment later darkness engulfed the theatre, and we went back to our places.

The second act developed the play into a wild melodrama, in which Miss Valentine figured in the most exciting scene. As I watched her I could hardly

keep from laughing. Her incompetence seemed so childish; it was like an amateur performance; but the audience applauded frantically and called her before the curtain. Mrs. Smith stood in the box and waved her handkerchief, obviously to the delight of the girl, who bowed and smiled toward her. When the excitement had subsided and the orchestra had begun to play again, Mrs. Smith remarked severely: "Could anything be more absurd?"

To my astonishment, Mrs. Van Zandt took the performance seriously: "Really, I had no idea she was so clever," she said.

"Well, I suppose it does take cleverness to fool people," said Mrs. Smith, tartly.

In the third act, which was also the last, the actress had two comedy scenes which she played rather gracefully. "Now this is the sort of thing she ought to do all the time," Mrs. Smith whispered to me. "If her manager had any sense or any interest beyond making money out of her, he would n't let her do anything else." Soon, however, we saw that more trouble was coming. "Oh, dear!" Mrs. Smith groaned. "Still the poor play-man must have a climax for his act."

The climax naturally had to surpass the close of the second act and it proved to be a terror. Lily Valentine rushed madly over the stage in a frenzy of anguish, and, to save herself from the villain, was about to stab herself, when her lover entered and rescued her. Again the audience burst into applause more vociferous than before. Miss Valentine came out with her leading man; then she came again alone. When she appeared a third time, some of the men at the back of the theatre, whom I suspected to be ushers, called, "Author! Author!" Miss Valentine turned to the wing and held out her hand; but no one responded. Then she ran off the stage and presently returned, leading forward a pale young man with a bushy brown mustache, a bulging forehead, and a manner of extreme deprecation. He bowed low and, as Miss Valentine drew her hand from his and ran from the stage, cries

from the back of the theatre demanded a speech. The playwright thrust his hands into his hip pockets and smiled good-naturedly. He was plainly used to facing audiences. In the hush that followed I noticed that, for an author, he was remarkably well dressed. His whole appearance, from his shining forehead to his shining patent-leather shoes, suggested perfect grooming.

For several moments he kept the audience waiting. Then, in a light and effeminate voice, he began to speak. "I am very glad you are pleased," he said, carelessly. "It is my business to please you if I can. So, naturally, your being pleased makes me feel pleased. Consequently, we are all pleased. I'm sure you are all very kind, and I wish you good-night."

He turned and walked in a leisurely way toward the wing. As the curtain fell, the audience, plainly bewildered, applauded perfunctorily and started to leave the theatre.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Smith, "I'm afraid Walter Hart is becoming quite spoiled. If that is n't the most impertinent speech I ever heard in my life!"

At that moment Mrs. Eustace leaned forward from her box. "Are we going behind?" she said, looking from Mrs. Smith to Gilbert Van Zandt.

"Of course," Mrs. Smith replied. "Lily'd never forgive us if we did n't."

"Perhaps we can persuade her to come out to supper with us," said Van Zandt.

"Oh, that will be ripping!" cried Monty over Mrs. Eustace's shoulder.

I looked at Alice, but Alice had her back turned toward me. At that moment Mrs. Eustace whispered in my ear across the railing: "I'm sure you could write a better play than this with your left hand. I advise you to be very nice to Lily when you meet her. Perhaps she'll give you your chance."

(To be continued)



Patriotic Criticism in the South

By MRS. L. H. HARRIS.

THE South is the only part of this country where even literary criticism is patriotic, and where nearly all the fiction produced represents the life, manners, and conditions of a past civilization. Between the South of to-day and these would-be interpreters a gulf is fixed like the silence that separates the living from the dead. And it is the purpose of this writer to prove that there is a logical connection between the spirit of our criticism and the quality of our literature.

In the first place, it is necessary to understand what a new achievement we should have if the real life of the South were written out in her fiction. This would require an entirely new definition of human nature, because the same conditions never before existed in the history of mankind. It is not simply that we have recently passed from feudalism into a more democratic state of being, nor that we have an inferior race in our midst,—all this has happened before: the difficulty of the situation consists in certain ethical and social problems that have never until now been thrust upon a people to solve. And, referring to the deliberation with which we go about it, a Northern editor recently remarked that in his opinion the South lacked "power." Either he received this erroneous impression from her so-called literary interpreters—whose vocabulary is much too sentimental and oratorical, too weak with staccato phrases and euphonious alliterations for the business in hand—or his point of view is provincial to the extent that he can only think of "power" as a New England form of energy and assimilation. For never, outside the British Isles, has there been such a maw for digesting and absorbing all that is within reach, such molar wits for masticating philosophies, ethics, and scientific systems as New England possesses,—to say nothing of her industrial and commercial activities. Thus it may happen

in that region that the conception of power is always aggressive. It is still the pioneer's instinct there to conquer, to acquire, and to achieve. But in the South definitions change. Here we have power of another kind,—the power of repulsion, resistance, and antipathy. Our strength consists in resenting every outside effort, however well-meant, made to modify our formula of existence. And the integrity, the self-respect back of our apparent perversity, is clearly illustrated by the account and explanation Miss Addams gives of Mr. Pullman's failure to force culture and civilization upon his employees by the *restraint* of what he imagined to be ideal conditions. We reserve human nature's right to work out our own salvation while the world about us fears and trembles.

And this determination to make our own scriptures accounts for the social, literary, and political tragedies that occur from time to time in this section. Occasionally some John the Baptist comes crying out of the wilderness *Repent! Repent!* But we do not repent. Instead, we force the resignation of that prophet, whether he occupies a pulpit, a chair in some college, or a political footstool. We resist his doctrines, expel him, and return triumphantly to our consolidated demonstration of the situation. And the more we are reproached the more industriously do we whet the sword for the next soothsayer who has fed too long upon foreign locusts and honey. Verily, whatever the South lacks, it is not power nor the self-constituted authority to exercise it.

But evidently it is no light matter to undertake the dramatic representation of such a people in literature. Naturally a novelist, even though capable of so original a composition, would think with prayer and fasting before he risked it; and he would do well to pray, especially, for, if he fell short of convincing truth and reality, his pass-

port would be ready for him before the first edition of his book was sold. The South has ever showed a remarkable dispatch in such matters.

However, this is not the only explanation of the dearth of vital fiction from this section. I am convinced that the real difficulties and dangers of the work would long since have been overcome but for a certain class of critics among us. Now critics are born first the world over. The men who create and accomplish come after; and they survive, if they do survive, in spite of the critics. For the critics are the theologians in religion, the protestants against catholic science, and, in the South at least, they are the stepmothers of literature. At the close of the Civil War they made a sepulchre for all our glories and ever since have constituted themselves the guardians of this patriotic tomb. They do not recognize the splendid resurrection of the South, and, even in matters of purely literary criticism, they are still wearing their ante-bellum side-arms. But worst of all is the demand they make that every hero of a Southern romance shall have his stature, manners, and morals measured by this marble paladin of the past—as if the very definition of heroism did not vary from age to age with the living hero who creates the ideal. Nothing could be more destructive to the creative faculty or to originality of expression. And it is a further explanation of why so many Southern authors squat about in military cemeteries to write their novels. Not only do the critics threaten them, but this eternal requiem to the past has affected nearly every one's imagination (I say "nearly" because Miss Glasgow's novel, "*The Deliverance*," does come within twenty years of the present time and is a decided advance in the right direction), so that they are continually stretching their faculties in a forty-years' perspective over the battle rim of the sixties. But never will their genius become thoroughly vital and constructive so long as they deal too exclusively with what has been finished, mourned, and buried.

Here the question may arise as to what is the source of patriotic literary criticism. There are several sources,—the old people, for instance, who, of course, have the honorary right to say what they please. But the most vigilant and effective source is women. This is the largest leisure class we have, and of late years they have banded together in clubs for intellectual and patriotic development, so that in the long run they are likely to become the most cultured and influential class as well. It is impossible to over-estimate the effect they already have upon the mind and character of this section. However, it remains to be seen whether this feminine top-knot of wisdom will prove entirely beneficial. And this doubt reminds me of the fact that Björnstjerne Björnson recently complained that the peace movement succeeded so slowly in the world because it lacked the support of women. This is especially true in those countries where the monotony of women's lives is rarely varied by any change of custom or pursuit. War relieves the repression of their existence. It quickens the silenced emotions into maternal battle hymns for the brave, crowns them with honorable woes, and exalts them with the courage and fame of their man kind. Thus, while they are the ones who profit most by peace, we never hear of their opposing a patriotic war movement. Even when they have acquired an ethical training, when the test comes they are to be found upon the galleries above the street casting roses of praise upon the soldiers who march below. For, whatever may be said of men, women never are psychologically reconstructed, neither by the Christian gospel nor by any system of philosophy. They are disciplined, chastened, and governed by these things, but the eternal elements of feminine character, however long repressed, leap into active forces at a moment's invitation. And the war-cry which urges men to battle is one of their sex distinctions. This is no less true of Southern women than it is of others, and circumstances here encourage them to the exercise of this instinct. The Southern man has

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been forced from the saddle into the field, from the drawing-room into the shop, from a life of leisure into one of strenuous endeavor, but his women kind live as nearly as possible under the same conditions that surrounded them before the war. This lady is the one romantic relic of a poetic past which he is determined to preserve. He has made her the patron saint of his home and the guardian of his sentiments and traditions. And she is sometimes rash in the discharge of her duties because she over-estimates the past to which she so nearly belongs as much as she under-estimates the present which he is obliged to meet. She is quick to detect a false note, to raise the alarm if any whipper-snapper's pen points threateningly at a dear tradition: nor was the person who demanded the head of John the Baptist served to her on a charger more relentless than one of these patriotic Southern women whose memories or opinions have been offended. It was one of our grand dames who raised the hue and cry a few years ago that forced the resignation of a professor from the faculty of a Southern college because he had expressed some offensive views in a Northern magazine. George W. Cable is said to have been banished socially from the city of New Orleans because the women there recognized the fact that his doctrines were inimical to their safety. No politician among us keeps a closer watch upon the President's social ethics than do the Daughters of the Confederacy, and few will wield a greater influence *sub rosa* against him when the time comes.

They are equally vigilant in preserving the purely literary faults of this

section. The writer of this article ventured a mild protest last year against the never-ending series of historical novels from the South, only to learn that she had given offence to many club women, who dragged their wings in a perfect frenzy of patriotic indignation. To criticise this particular class of literature was to them as much a sacrilege as if I had snatched a memorial wreath from a Confederate veteran's grave. But why put an intimate, sectional construction upon a purely literary criticism?

Now there is no reason why women should not become the literary guardian angels of this section. As I have already intimated, they have the leisure and opportunity. But if they are to assume this responsibility, they should make some preparation for it in temper as well as in scholarship. They are too personal, too antiquated in their method. They have the vindictiveness without the wit of those old poets and philosophers who used to damn one another in *Blackwood's Magazine* a hundred years ago. And in their demand that everything shall conform to a patriotic standard they neglect other essential criticisms. So long as each Southern novel contains a tribute to a flower-decked past, they are too often content with the author's lack of originality. And indeed they have no right to complain, for he is exactly what they and other critics like them have made him, a literary sycophant to his own ancestors—lusty old fellows who would doubtless like to kick up through their grave dust hard enough to land him somewhere beyond their cemetery regions into the real world of living men and women.



Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow

DEAR BELINDA,

The best news is matter of common knowledge. England is smiling all over her face. You cannot take the shortest of railway journeys but you see banks of primroses with woods and clearings carpeted with this same lovely flower. Cherry trees and pear trees are in blossom, and the apple orchards will in a day or so be a mass of glorious pink. Larches, horse chestnuts, and weeping willows have clothed themselves in various shades of green, and the lime trees will soon scent the air of town and country. Even those little saplings which have just been planted along the Mall are doing their best to compete with the avenue of much more aged trees. London is a happy place in April and May, and the watching for the return of spring is now more than ever one of the joys of maturer years. Every one who loves London watches with profound interest any changes which are made or proposed, and the changes which have recently been made in the Mall have met with almost universal praise. It is true we detect something a bit imitative in the style, but the general result is excellent, imitative or not. For the first time in the history of London we have in the Mall achieved, or very nearly achieved, "a magnificent distance." The slowness of London to make improvements is amazing. The course of a London street is still in the shape of "a beaten track made by a village drunkard." London has almost become a mediaeval city besieged by suburbs. Central London has narrowly run the risk of being the playground and resort of those who love the dirt and discomfort of the Middle Ages. For years the Whitechapel Road has been the cleanest and almost the widest thoroughfare in London. There has been no street in the West End so easy and pleasant to drive along as is the Whitechapel Road in the East. But we now have the Mall, with its width of carriageway and width of walks, and we must be grateful and hope that the

Mall will be but the first of such inspiring avenues. Not every one, however, is satisfied, and it was not to be supposed that every one would be happy at seeing big trees "grubbed" up, and there are some, too, who are not sufficiently altruistic to find compensation for the scorching of their own backs in the reflection that their unborn grandsons may bask in the shade of the successors of the trees which have recently disappeared. It is a mistake for any one to think that the London Parks are places wherein "to bask." The London Parks at their best are but pavements disguised with a growth of grass. To "bask" with any pleasure one must be far away from the sound of that archaic vehicle, the omnibus. You cannot bask in a top-hat and frock-coat, anywhere. To sit and soak in the sun needs a different environment and very different clothes. Kensington Gardens may be very beautiful in themselves, but the Bayswater Road is abominably near. The person who really enjoys the Parks at present is the vagrant. To the tramp the Park is a place of paradise. I doubt if any one besides the tramp is happy in the Parks. The dandies of both sexes who parade on Sundays and weekdays are certainly not happy. Those people who hang around the Achilles statue are filled with envy of each other. Those little green chairs upon which they sit are not so green as the envy and jealousy in the minds of those upon them. Every one who knows anything of the hearts of men and women longs to bring a little happiness into the homes of Grosvenor Square. They want a fresh-air fund and a fresh happiness fund. All the fresh air and whatever of happiness has existed around the Achilles statue is now used up. A move must be made. These pretty faces and figures must be moved down to the Mall, which once was a walk of fashion, and now may become so again. They shall be given another chance.

There is nothing more easy than to

be erudite about London. In fact there is nothing more easy that to be erudite about anything. Every scrap of matter which poets and prose-writers have written about London is accessible, and I might fill the whole of this letter with seventeenth- and eighteenth-century allusions to the Mall. The Mall was, until the beginning of the nineteenth century, the promenade of smart people of those days.

The Ladies, gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn
With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn. *

"The politest part of the British nation of both sexes" resort to the Mall, says an old eighteenth-century fellow. Swift thought the number of fair ladies walking there was "prodigious." Pepys, at an earlier day, also loved it. But I will not crowd the lines of this letter with allusions which every one knows. It would be a pleasant thing to see a move made from those lazy little corners behind the Achilles statue. Vanity Fair must have some place to show itself off. The vast rag-fairs of Knightsbridge and Oxford Street should be as much interested in the matter as any one, and might petition that the world of fashion and beauty be brought more immediately under the surveillance of the King, as they would be if they resorted at noon and afternoon to the Mall. Chairs could be provided in the adjacent Green Park, and the pennies levied therefrom might go to paint the front of Buckingham Palace either bright pink, or mauve, or red; in fact, any color but its present one, which is undoubtedly a dismal black.

That vigilant and clever person who is responsible for the column in the *Daily Mail* headed "The World's Press," printed a day or so ago an extract from a ladies' paper upon "Last Year's Hat." Now whatever is printed I feel at liberty to discuss. The latest book will always be a matter of the greatest moment to me, but I cannot at the same time affect to disregard some other interests of womenkind. The paragraph to which I refer was as follows:

Look at last year's hat! One shudders to think of it! It is so utterly impossible! It seems to mock at one's lack of good taste and absence of judgment in the past. It is an insolent, battered, cock-eyed monstrosity, too small and too big, too high yet too low—bah! One hurls the fearsome staring relic of frumpery across the room, out of the window, or into the dustbin.

That paragraph, I presume, expresses with remarkable truth the feeling of every woman who is now busily engaged in disposing of the remains of her quarterly allowance and anticipating several quarterly allowances in advance. It requires no great knowledge or perspicuity to see that the three things which are just now exhausting women's pockets are hats, veils, and blouses. Of course, this year the veil's the thing, and my sympathy goes out to those who cannot wear becomingly the new kind of veil. Many are the veils which are bought, but few there are which are put on properly. A veil should not look like a meat safe, and as though it encircled a joint of beef. All honor to the woman who makes the fashion beautiful and the beautiful the fashion, and I have heard of one or two. A few days since I interviewed a lady who has studied much the psychic possibilities of a gown. Wonderful things may be made to lurk in the folds of a woman's gown. There is a cult of curves. There is a *diablerie* in dress it would appear. I have always understood that what a woman could not express by her eye or her walk she could not well express at all. A lady who gave me the privilege of seeing her new establishment in Hanover Square a few days ago told me there was not only a language of the eye, and of the voice, and of the pose, but that there could also be a language of the gown itself. Clothes may be made both passionate and dangerous. I was, of course, much moved when one of the models of the establishment came gracefully towards me in a gown which was named "A Silent Appeal." I twitched nervously. Then others followed, with such names as "A sighing sound of lips unsatisfied," "Still waters run deep," "Lingering memories," "A summer night has a thousand

powers," "The delirium of spring." There is genius in the choice of titles of books, and also in the choice of names for dresses. It is impossible not to have flutters when you have to take in to dinner "Still waters run deep" or "The delirium of spring!" People whose feelings are such should rightly be labelled, so that a man may have time to prepare his conversation. The dresses which I saw reminded me not a little of a scrap of dialogue from a modern play, which runs somewhat as follows:

"HE: What a pretty dress you've got on to-night.

"SHE: Yes? I'm so glad you like it.

"HE: Like it? Of course I do; no one could help liking it, it's so nice.

"SHE: Yes, I think it's nice, and there's only one thing about it I don't like.

"HE: Something you don't like? Whatever can that be?

"SHE: Well, you see, it is n't paid for.

"HE (at once the cavalier on bended knee): Never shall it be said that an Englishman deserted a lady in distress.
Let me owe it for you."

Herbert Spencer's "Autobiography"

is perhaps the book of greatest importance this month, though no one will urge that it is the most diverting. The earliest recollection of Herbert Spencer is that of a horror of being left alone. The philosopher who spent so much of his later life entirely alone, as all philosophers and all wise men must do, began life with a horror of solitude. The earliest recollections of people would form an interesting book. The late Frederick Locker-Lampson commenced his autobiography with a rhyming earliest recollection:

I recollect a nurse called Ann
Who carried me across the grass,
And one fine day a fine young man
Came up and kissed the pretty lass.
She never made the least objection,
Thinks I, Aha! When I can talk I'll
tell mamma,
And that's my earliest recollection.

A very pretty girl came up to me the other morning, wearing her happiest smile. She pointed to the heading in the *Daily Mail*, "Arrest of Slater." I said, "Don't smile at Slater's arrest like that, it might be misunderstood."
Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, May, 1904.

The Editor's Clearing-House

The contributions to this department are supposed to be somewhat more intimate in manner and subject than those in other parts of the magazine. They are more or less the expression of personal feeling. It may be the airing of a grievance, the exploiting of an enthusiasm. Perhaps the remarks here made may arouse discussion among their readers. So much the better. The editor will, when moved to do so, comment on the contributions. The department will be, as it were, an editorial clearing-house in which it is hoped that every reader of THE CRITIC will become personally interested.

The Prosperity of Anecdote

It is a well-known fact that anecdotes that make an impression upon us stick like burrs in the more or less plastic substances we are pleased to call our minds, and the effort to stick them in some one else's is a way of keeping their memory green with which few of us are unacquainted.

Who is there that one knows, without his special fund of anecdotes? A little stale to his friends perhaps, but unwithered to his constant

affection and easily entreated—alas! so easily—from his inner consciousness.

In looking over human nature this man without the anecdote—worn with constant use but presented handsomely with abiding cheerfulness in its novelty—seems an anomaly and one mildly wonders now and then if such a one exists. But we all know the purveyors of anecdotes. All of us are familiar with the self-complacent "that reminds me" that ushers in a favorite the more precious to its

owner that it has so often figured in his itinerary of talk. If his memory is good it must carry a unique flavor, a very *olla podriga* of remembrances when he recalls when and where he has used that little passport before. Did his telling it make him a friend or an enemy? Did his listeners long to stay him when he sprang its mundane glory into a moment when he wished to quietly gather the joy of some beautiful scene? or, did they call him blessed when he filled some empty, awkward moment with a bridge they could safely and impersonally cross? How many patient—though they were inwardly ever so impatient!—victims have writhed in single combat with its repeated evocations, and how many have light-heartedly laughed at first acquaintance, little dreaming they would be called upon to ratify a casual greeting by unlimited handshakes at future times.

He is proud of his treasure, this teller of a tale. It is his solitaire diamond and he disregards Burns's advice, "Lest my jewel I should tire" by flourishing his adornment for social intercourse innocently, graciously, and with what "damnable iteration," only those who know him can fully understand. He is not a jester—a Brummel, with wig and snuff-box, busy in the manufacture of quips and bon-mots; jaded and worn with the unceasing effort to be interesting and amusing, and holding in that way the vague and unstable position awkward repetition would forfeit. His place is more dignified and it is assuredly not known to him that it could be otherwise. The modern anecdotist does not tell tales to "acquire merit," as Mr. Kipling's old Lama would say. He tells them because generosity in making them known to others has become second nature to him, or, an obsession from which there is no escape for him—or his friends!

He is eager to enrich you even as Othello did Desdemona, with "moving accidents by flood and field," if you will lend him your ears, and as a "nibbling pick-pocket of your patience" he will see to it that the loan is a heavy one. But then he knows he pays such excellent interest!

If he is an off-shoot from the tree of Brummel, he is a very independent one, and he flourishes like the green bay tree upon his own diversified discourse. Good wine needs no bush perhaps, but if it did, with what rank luxuriance of satisfied ego can he crown his efforts.

The fresh anecdote gives unlimited pleasure. Those who flee from his aged brother as from

the wrath to come, are eager to receive the unknown kinsman and make him welcome for a space! until we have, as it were, grown acquainted, and can part with him to others.

We all appreciate the enlivening leaves of anecdotes in biographies and it is the "small beer chronicle" of our daily life—not exclusive, though, of course, it would prefer being poet!

This brings one to Thackeray who asks himself: "Are there any old stories which I still tell myself in the bosom of my family? Have I any 'Grouse in my gun-room'?"

Beyond a doubt there are few of us who have n't! Dear, and sturdy perennials of our own little gardens, when we pass the blossoms to our neighbor over the way should he not be pleased and grateful that we shower blessings on his path? but, ah, so often he is not! And when one has told one's own anecdotes, there remains the family store to draw upon—tales that have travelled from generation to generation as faithfully preserved as though entailed! half-forgotten gleams of fun and folly refurbished to gay prosperity by careful tendance. They link us graciously with a past in whose shadows their candle throws an interpretative gleam.

Two tellers of tales in one company are one too many, as Goldsmith, who desired to be brilliant in conversation, discovered. He had been talking, we are told, "in a company with fluent vivacity, and as he flattered himself, to the admiration of all present, when a German who sat next him and perceived Johnson rolling himself as if about to speak, suddenly stopped Goldsmith saying: 'Stay, stay! Tociter Shonson is going to zay zomething!'"

Can not one imagine Goldsmith's feelings?

The habitual diner out has need to reinforce his talk, if not with his own adventures, with those of some one else. Macaulay speaks of Talleyrand—"for forty years the best teller of a story in Europe—his manner of telling them was beyond all praise—concise, pointed, and delicately satirical." Macaulay's appreciation of Talleyrand's charm as a raconteur, points to the not obscure fact that what one extremely admires, one strives to attain one's self. That he did "arrive," we know. "Quite immeasurably abundant," some one said of his anecdotal powers, and Sydney Smith, his rival in the well-tilled field of dinner-table talk, gracefully allowed that after his return from India, he had "flashes of silence" that made his conversation "perfectly delightful!"

And that is one of the many-sided values anecdotes possess. After the tale is told and we have laughed, the flash of silence gives us

pause; we feel happy and fraternal, and we permit ourselves the cheering thought that the effort on both sides was kindly, and that we may desire a return of the obligation at no distant date ourselves!

MAY HARRIS.

A Pathetic Fallacy

The practice of early rising may, to some, be a bitter necessity, but it has too long usurped the place of a virtue. We have heard of the woman whose "price is above rubies," "she riseth also while it is yet night," says the writer of Proverbs enthusiastically, "and giveth meat to her household"; and her husband—"he praiseth her"—and probably takes his coffee in bed. But is this exercise of feminine activity necessarily virtue? is it not rather lack of foresight? she could have been quite as virtuous and far more comfortable had she made her arrangements for breakfast overnight.

Doubtless much of the so-called decadence of New England is the result of a reckless waste of moral force in the early rising which has been practised for generations: the drain on the moral vigor is sure though insidious; and how unnecessary it is! Why not gain the hour at the other end of the day? The effort required for sitting up a bit later is as nothing to the spiritual energy exhausted in rising "while it is yet night"—and dressing in a cold room. Why should Ruskin hold the early morning hours as the more valuable—he did not need to pass his evening like the "hired man"—before the kitchen stove with his feet in the oven? The soul before breakfast is but half awake, the street-cars are jammed with struggling, exasperated humanity; he that desirereth life and loveth many days will shun them; but

"The midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,"

—that is the hour of student and scholar, of poet and statesman. Shakespeare realized this fact: he allows Imogen at night to read in bed, nor was she early from her room; it is the "yellow Iachimo" and poor foolish Cloten who are up betimes. Or take Portia—Brutus's Portia: here is a thoroughly estimable woman, a Roman matron of the strictest sect, wise with that intuitive wisdom which amounts almost to genius in Shakespeare's women, but note her opinion of early rising; when her husband walks abroad in "the dank morning" she notices the phenomenon with undisguised alarm. "Is Brutus sick?" is "her first anxious question."

" . . . is Brutus sick
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air?"

She was instantly apprehensive of evil.

The development of the soul is of far more importance than mere activity of the body: it is the very delay of this bodily activity, the long period of helpless infancy which is recognized as so potent a factor in human evolution: so, in like manner, a tardiness of physical action in the morning is an indication of intellectual development, a step in the attainment of soul stature. The lower animals are, for the most part, early risers; the rooster stands pre-eminent in his adherence to the habit; but why should we take him for an example? have we made no advance in the scale of evolution?

Let the early bird catch the worm. We do not grudge it to him; we do not need to catch worms; the milkman unaided will leave his bottles outside the basement door, and the matutinal rolls will be brought without our personal effort—Give us morning serenity and coffee in our rooms!

FRANCES DUNCAN.

The Serials we are Reading

A number of articles having appeared recently on the seemingly trite subject of "What Women Read," bring extravagant meditation by a round-about channel to an absolute conclusion which our critics have not yet reached. In all this pessimism and retrospection relative to the decadence of the Modern Drama, The Historical Novel, have we reached unknowingly a millennium in this very present year? A brightening of the literary horizon which causes a thrill of absolute enthusiasm?

Our serial story, appearing in the various magazines and weekly papers, apparently hails a new and perfect success, possibly the only one of literary good in all the year.

In "The Masqueraders," published in *Harper's Bazar*, there is a powerful story, a plot, baffling as to its outcome, profoundly interesting, and new,—new in this era of has-beens. The two men so like in outward semblance, so complex as to characterization, yet so simple in the working out of their destiny.

In "Undercurrents," published in *Scribner's* by Robert Grant, we have a problem of modern life, though the time of the story dates back a few years. Here are other bright flashes of introspective insight into the complexity of a vibrating womanly nature teeming

with ideals, full of capacity for happiness, deadened, dulled by suffering and the crushing weight of materialism as embodied in a weak, irascible husband. The interest in this conflict is absorbing and the parson of the story is different in many respects from the book-parson we have met. Very unlike the rather unstable and not at all fascinating religionist in "The Four Roads to Paradise," published serially in the *Century*. Other elements, however, hold the interest in the latter story, one character of which, the American Man, is a stranger to us all. Expectantly one waits to see what is coming to him. Again, in *Harpers Weekly* appears "The Truants," certainly an unusual story. One feels the glamour of a Sherlock Holmes evolvement, almost from the first instalment, due perhaps to the illustration appearing with the headlines where, in a darkened hallway, a man and woman are fleeing apparently from a bright light: whether this illuminant is a dark lantern or a hall light is a bit indeterminate.

In "The Sea Wolf," also running in the *Century Magazine*, one can scarce await the next instalment, and other fiction seems decidedly losing in savor and piquancy. The story surely has the pure Stevensonian ring, the adventurous glamour, the vertebrate stoic-

ism. It is surely the story of the making of a man, the sculptor being Larz, the captain of the whaling schooner; the clay, the easel-loving, well-to-do, half-drowned man, to all appearances his helpless prey.

There is reason to rejoice, for this year is bringing in a harvest. The Serial Story is holding our attention; an interest seldom felt is grasping us in them all. Even *The Saturday Evening Post* prints "The Peculiar Miss Smith," an entirely novel telling of the domestic drama in and about the culinary precinct. We feel as though, to enjoy to the full the experiences of this Miss Smith, we too must plunge into the whirlpool of servandom and try it for ourselves; we feel strong yearnings toward a cook-book and a laundry bag. Miss Smith throws a new light on the domestic problem.

Have the critics missed all these very, very good things?

Has the millennium of the Serial Story arrived?

The much-cavilled-at woman who reads recognizes the fact fully all over the land. Have these women demanded this? At all events the demand is adequately met,—women are reading the Serial Story.

KATHERINE PADDOCK.

Books Reviewed—Fact and Fiction

Here are two volumes that reassure one concerning the times. It is perhaps too early to announce a reaction within the realm of criticism against the judicial temper of this critical age. A literature of overtrained discrimination has long since driven out the right discursive essay in spite of an occasional magazine protest. For one swallow does not make a summer. But it will come again,—the summer, and the summering impulse among critics.

The Critic on the Hearth

Some day we shall muse again. Here are two books that have no sinister design upon your own opinions. They both utter a certain melodious activity of mind that is never hostile to your own train of thought. It may insist upon its own peculiar rhythm; it may slip into a happy obligato of *cameraderie*. But it is the voice of musing, not of judgment. The humor of the two essayists, however, is altogether different.

Vernon Lee is so well known as a master of subtleties that the leisurely spirit of this volume appears to be significant of the time rather

than of the individual.* "Hortus Vitæ," relenting in its subtitle, "Essays on the Gardening of Life" gathers together a score of papers upon all manner of subjects: "On Going to the Play," "Reading Books," "Hearing Music," "Receiving Letters," "Knowing One's Mind," "Going Away," "Coming Back," "Losing One's Train." A well-considered menu, one might call it, of human nature's daily food. The titles are persistently miscellaneous; the style of a hither-and-thither turn, fitfully exploring, not bodying repose.

It is not, however, conscious superiority condescending to things of low estate; but a highly trained observation on philosophy bent, creating to itself the material for daily joy; also, now and then, making the philosophic best of any hinge or peg to hang an essay on. The unwearied zest of perception, the illuminating wit, are ever present. But for

* "Hortus Vitæ: Essays on the Gardening of Life." By VERNON LEE. John Lane; the Bodley Head, London and New York, 1904.

the best thinking, and most lovable, look to the end and the beginning. The last essay goes back to the spirit of certain paragraphs in the Dedication; and in both chapters there are things so simply said, so richly suggested, that they deserve to be treasured along with the closing title,—the most illumined phrase in the book with its special application,—“The Hanging Gardens.”

“Of all the *Gardens of Life* the best worth cultivating are often the Hanging Ones. Yes! Hanging between the town pavement, a hundred feet below, and the open sky, immediately above. Moreover, as regards legal claim to soil, leasehold, freehold, or copyhold, why, simply none, the earth having been carried up to that precarious place in arduous basketfuls.

‘But I have always been what you call *settled*,’ she answered, and added very simply—‘As soon as I took in that we should always be eternally uprooting, I made up my mind that the only way was to live as if we should never move at all.’ . . .

“We most of us have to struggle against leaving our portmanteau gaping on a sofa . . . when we are in a place only for a few hours; and struggle against allowing the flowers . . . to wither, and the fire to go out, when we are setting out on a journey next day, or a dear one is about to say goodbye. ‘See to that fire being kept up, and bring fresh roses,’ said a certain friend of mine on a similar occasion. That was laying out a hanging garden on the narrow ledge of two or three poor hours; and behold, the garden has continued to be sweet and bright in the wide, safe places of memory.”

However miscellaneous the table of contents in this book, it is all harmonized by “the belief that, even like that afternoon of packing up and bidding adieu . . . life also should be made serene and leisurely, and simple and sweet, and akin to eternity.”

For “The Gentle Reader”* life does not have to be made leisurely. He thinks it is so. In any case he is a born saunterer of letters; an altogether striking figure in a day when a Gentle Reader’s gentleness makes him conspicuous. He is like unto one loitering upon a city street. His unhurried interest in the sights irritates one passer-by and then another; compels attention, by blocking the progress of (other) affairs; lastly it draws a crowd to come and stare upon the object that engrosses him. Mr. Crothers has the genius of the loiterer. His book is one to create a fiction of leisure around the most troubled seeker of trouble. Like one of his ideal pirates out of “The Pirate’s Own Book,” he says, “Hands up!” to the hurried; and you must give over

all your preoccupations to his inexorable gentleness.

Yet the book is *almost* as productive of instantaneous good-humor as “Pepys’ Diary” for very different reasons. One charm both have in common,—also for very different reasons,—a distinguished absence of self-righteousness. Indeed the air of simpleness and confidence which “The Gentle Reader” exhales would mellow one’s judgment without the further persuasion of his wit. And it is not to be forgotten—indeed it cannot be—that there is a basis of the soundest wisdom plus a rare artistic discernment beneath the pell-mell whimsies of his style. For the incomunicable flavor of that style he has to pay a penalty. The “winged word”—with him—takes umbrage so securely among delicate overgrowths of speech, that you cannot find it again at will. You must take nest and all. Briefly and in prose, he is hard to quote. And he must be quoted, to show you why!

“Vanity is one of the most lovable of weaknesses. If in our contemporaries it sometimes troubles us, that is only because two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time.”

“The first essential to the enjoyment of poetry is leisure. The demon Hurry is the tempter, and knowledge is the forbidden fruit in the poet’s paradise. To enjoy poetry, you must renounce not only your easily besetting sins, but your easily besetting virtues.”

“As these are poems which are not meant to be understood, so there are poems that are not meant to be read; that is, to be read through. There is Keats’s ‘Endymion,’ for instance. I have never been able to get on with it. Yet it is delightful,—that is the very reason why I do not care to get on with it. Whenever I begin, I feel that I might as well stay where I am.”

“I have brought you a funny book, Gentle Reader,” says the Professional Humorist. ‘Thank you,’ he answers, struggling against his melancholy forebodings. ‘You will pardon me if I seem to take my pleasures sadly.’ It is hard for him to force a smile as he watches the procession of jokes, each as broad as it is long.

“‘Hackery,’ he says, ‘defines humor as a mixture of love and wit. Humor, therefore, being of the nature of love, should not behave itself unseemly.’ . . . Its proper habit is to hide from observation, as if the wren taught it concealment.”

It is this wren-like habit of Mr. Crothers’s wit that enchantments and baffles his readers. It would be impossible to share with others in a few words anything of the deliciousness of certain essays: “The Honorable Points of Ignorance,” “Cases of Conscience Concerning Witchcrafts,” and “That History should Be Readable.” Yet that, of all things, is what any Gentle Reader desires to do.

* “The Gentle Reader.” By SAMUEL McCORD CROTHERS. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, 1904.

Of the Quip Modest, we have all heard. Here is the modesty of the Quip, a grace apart, and still the only thing ungenuous in the book, because it cannot be passed from hand to hand, like a lucky penny.

After all, "The Gentle Reader" is better read than quoted. It not only counsels, it creates leisure. And such a book, remembered, shines like a good deed in a naughty world.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

A pathetic interest attaches to this posthumous publication.* Sir Leslie Stephen was too far advanced in his last illness to read the lectures, and they were read by Mr. Herbert Fisher, to whom they are informally dedicated, and who saw them through the press.

Sir Leslie Stephen's Posthumous Volume. On page 126 a mistake occurs which will flutter those dovecotes in which Jane Austen's readers bill and coo. Henry Tilney and Catherine Morland are transferred from "Northanger Abbey" to "Mansfield Park." In more than one sense Sir Leslie, ending with these lectures, ended on a characteristic note. Here, as elsewhere, he is the loyal defender of the eighteenth century, "the century of common sense and growing toleration, and of steady social and religious development"; and here, as elsewhere, he interprets literature as an expression of contemporary life, acting upon it and responsive to it. But it is the second of these aspects that here more engages him—the response of literature to social and political conditions. In his first period these were Whiggish and aristocratic; in the second the middle class was forging to the front; in the third, democracy was in the air. Here the response was sympathetic and there it was opposed. The first period was that of the patrons, the coffee-houses, and the Wits, and the Wits have never been so happily characterized as here. Addison is the great light of this period; Pope of the second; Johnson of the third. But while these greater gods have the main emphasis, many others are distinguished carefully; Richardson and Fielding with particular felicity. It is perhaps in his ability to do justice to Richardson and Young and Sterne, all sentimentalists, a race which Sir Leslie abhors, that his critical ability is most obviously shown. The discrimination of particular literary forms,—sentimentalism and realism for example,—is always nice; the humorous note recurs with infallible certainty, and the suggestive phrase

is never far to seek. All things considered, we do not see how this able writer could have made an end that would have crowned more happily the work of his veracious and efficient life.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

In point of interest, "The Price of Youth" * ranks with "The Deliverance" among the best books of the year,—the sort of book of which one reads every word for the peculiar flavor of

A Book to be Read Twice individuality felt before the first page is turned. The humor and character-drawing alone make it worth a second reading.

Fan Tasker is not a lovable girl in the sense of being distinctly feminine, but she is capable of loving with an intensity and loyalty of which so-called "lovable" women have not the slightest conception. Miss Williams has drawn her innate refinement, her philosophical point of view, her native wit, and her rebellion against her saloon-keeper father's social position with rare insight. And Willis King stands out in as bold relief, with all the members of the gossiping village community of New Jersey to which this broken-down young journalist came to spend his summer vacation. Fan's father and Mrs. Sales are particularly well done, and the scenery leaves no doubt in the mind that the author can paint in words.

Some one has said that Miss Williams sees only the dark side of life. There is a tragic quality in this novel which suggests Zack's stories, an element of the inevitable fate which is the result of each individual's heredity and environment; but there is no gloom in the final recognition by Fan that her desire was towards a man of nobler spirit than the one she nursed back to health, and for the moment, under the spell of dangerous propinquity, believed necessary to her happiness. Life, more often than not, shows the parting of ways, and a story is not necessarily sad when two lovers are not united. The sadness would lie in the union.

The book might well have been named "The Price of Environment," or, "The Penalty of Relatives." The tragic element is in the hopeless fact that even though a woman may be raised by her character and ambition from the environment into which she was born, there is ever the ball and chain of old associations and disreputable relatives to weigh her down.

The treatment of the theme is restrained, the effect artistic, and all the characters are thoroughly convincing. Incidentally, the

* "English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century." Ford Lectures, 1903. By LESLIE STEPHEN. G. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

* "The Price of Youth." By MARGERY WILLIAMS. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

proof was not read with extreme care; the author's British solecism "different to" is once corrected to "different from," giving the impression of international English; and the cover and make-up are most attractive. Fortunately there are no illustrations to mar.

CAROLYN SHIPMAN.

The appearance of the first instalment of Mr. Paul's history * has already aroused no little attention, which makes it worth while to say something about the book without waiting for the three other volumes which are to complete it. Its method and scope may be abundantly seen from the part already in our hands, covering the period from 1846 to An Interesting 1865, and its chief merits and defects stand out quite clearly. As less History. to these there must inevitably be some difference of opinion, according to the standpoint of the reader, and his comparative estimate of the virtues and vices of the actors upon the stage of the past century. Thus a veteran laborer in the same field, Mr. Justin McCarthy, while giving ample and generous praise to the two volumes as a whole, can no more refrain from disagreeing with the conclusions reached in them on an Irish question than could Mr. Dick from formulating his own views of regicide. As a rule, Mr. Paul knows his business as an up-to-date historian too well to throw any emphasis unjustified by the context on either virtues or vices; but occasionally he solaces himself, being presumably human, for his enforced moderation, by belaboring some character specially obnoxious to him with a savage glee which reminds us of the Punch of our childhood. We should find no fault with our author if he merely dissembled his love for Napoleon III.; but whether as exile, as President, or as Emperor, the quondam ally of England never makes his appearance on the scene without being kicked downstairs to the accompaniment of the most vicious rhetorical epithets. This, fortunately, is a fault which does not recur too often. A far more serious one, because inseparable from the structure of the book, lies at the root of the whole arrangement of topics, paragraphs, and sentences.

* "A History of Modern England." By HERBERT PAUL. Vols. I. and II. Macmillan.

Since a history is not merely a scientific instrument of precision, but also a book to be read, it is scarcely hypercritical to complain very seriously of a failing which destroys a considerable part of the reader's pleasure and profit. Throughout these two volumes, we are continually put to the trouble of constructing an artificial unity for the paragraphs; short categorical sentences succeed each other rapidly without a thread of connection; and the reading becomes a wearisome exercise.

A weakness of this sort is shown, too, whenever a man of letters is mentioned. Mr. Paul cannot forget that he has done a great deal of literary criticism in his day, and the temptation to practise this pleasing art here comes upon him at times irresistibly. Occasionally, in the story of a period with whose minor figures we are not well acquainted, the method pursued, for example, by Mr. H. Morse Stephens in his "French Revolution," of putting together brief and consistent biographies of them when they first come on, is distinctly helpful; but there is no reason why the historian of modern England should feel it necessary, on a mention of Carlyle or Browning, to intercalate a page or two of rather obvious and again disjointed literary criticism. The fact is, the more one meditates on the structure of the book, the more hopeless one feels about it. It is perfectly true that the present reviewer would sit down with his head in his hands if he were asked to prescribe an ideal arrangement of subjects for such a work; but he would be doing less than his duty were he to fail to point out that the arrangement here adopted is very far from being an ideal one. Now and then, it must be said, as in the cases of the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, we get a clear, connected setting forth of a great subject; and there is much useful information on an unusual number of small, easily despatched topics. One special merit of the book, too, is the fulness and accuracy of its report of parliamentary proceedings, which has no doubt come easily to Mr. Paul from long familiarity with the House of Commons, first in the reporters' gallery and later on the members' benches.

A. I. DU P. COLEMAN.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

BELLES-LETTRES

Eunis—Introduction to Dante's Inferno. By Adolphus T. Eunis. Badger. \$1.25.

Mr. Eunis's book contains much good material but it is capricious and fragmentary. The evasion of difficulties and the paucity of historical and biographical data are irritating. We believe that the author could have given us a more helpful book without trenching upon the *Ottimo Commento*, Brunetto Latini, or the works of Scartazzini. More of scholastic lore and some excerpts from Villani would be more useful to us than Mr. Eunis's personal, unsupported opinion about Dante's meaning.

BIOGRAPHY

Farrar—The Life of Frederic William Farrar, Sometime Dean of Canterbury. By his son, Reginald A. Farrar. Crowell. \$2.00.

The late Dean Farrar, although not of the highest intellectual power, was an indefatigable reader and was possessed of fine literary skill. Without doubt he was one of the most effective preachers in the Anglican Church. Probably no Anglican divine of this century has been so popularly known in America and other countries foreign to England, and this fame was due to his interesting "Life of Christ." This biography of Dean Farrar by his son, is a disappointing production. It is a eulogy,—that one expects,—but it is chiefly a compilation of letters and other documents, and is lacking in critical insight and in just balance. In vain we search in this book for an interpretation which shall discover the inner nature of Dean Farrar. Only here and there, from the pens of others, do we gain anything like a just estimate of the personality underlying the incessantly busy life which Mr. Farrar chronicles. Dean Farrar may have been cold and pompous, but an intense moral earnestness underlay his somewhat repellent manner.

La Farge—Great Masters. By John La Farge. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$5.00.

Simply told, readable miniature biographies of Michelangelo, Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez, Dürer, and the Japanese artist Hokusai. Mr. La Farge explains in his preface that these essays, which appeared in an abridged form in *McClure's Magazine*, were written for a "large public," rather than for specialists. Thus he writes of these artists in a popular vein, that "their superiority is eminently a moral one," and that they are "heroes of example and honors to mankind." The life-stories are in each case compact and to the point, the mass of familiar and apocryphal anecdote being omitted. The book is beautifully made, and the reproductions from some of the more famous of the masters' works altogether admirable.

Russell—Matthew Arnold. By G. W. E. Russell. Scribner. \$1.00.

It is perhaps splitting a hair to write a "literary life" whose subject expressly forbade a

biography. At all events, Mr. Russell, with no pretence of dispassionateness, but as Arnold's student, disciple, and friend, has performed his task thoroughly and well. Neither the style nor substance of the book is hackneyed, and the feat of writing of an author with affection yet with insight and without extravaganzia eulogy is rare enough to be well worth commenting on. To most people Matthew Arnold's was a character of unusual interest, and permanent analysis and estimate of it is greatly furthered by precisely the kind of information that Mr. Russell gives. If it were only to get the picture of Matthew Arnold as a school inspector, the book is well worth reading.

FICTION

Barry—The Dayspring. By Dr. William Barry. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50. A new novel by Dr. Barry is sure to bring a piece of original work. There is a peculiar personality about the man that makes interesting whatever he writes. "The Dayspring" is the story of a young Irish socialist who kills his mother's landlord and is obliged to flee to France under an assumed name. The time is the Paris Commune, into the excitement of which Giuron is drawn by his political principles. His struggle between duty and his love for a lady of the French nobility is well drawn.

Beekman—Mrs. J. Worthington Woodward. By Helen Beekman. Brentano's. \$1.25. "Dainty Devils," as this story was originally called, purports to have been edited by the uncle of the author, who writes in the first person. The vices and temptations and glamour of New York are described by a simple-minded country girl married to a rich man with two devilish women cousins. They are the chief malefactors, with whom the young wife is necessarily thrown on account of relationship. The horrors of drinking, loose living, and gaming, especially among women, are portrayed with much detail. The two women are very well drawn, also the failure of the wife to accommodate herself to her uncongenial surroundings.

Bell—Mrs. M'Lerie. By J. J. Bell. Century Co. \$1.00.

The author of "Wee Macgregor" can be a great deal funnier than this. His "Mrs. M'Lerie" has a decidedly manufactured air, and the chief pleasure to be had from the book is its capacity to recall the pungent originality of its author's earlier one. Mr. Bell can never be quite dull, but he is to be preferred at full strength, rather than in so-excessively diluted a solution as this.

Borrow—Isobel Berners. By George Borrow. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00. This pithy episode from Borrow's autobiographical "Lavengro" is reprinted with notes and an incoherently diffuse introduction by Thomas Seccombe. The little volume is

attractive and offers an easy opportunity to make Borrow's acquaintance. Those who have already made it may prefer a complete edition, unburdened by notes.

Brady—A Little Traitor to the South. A War-time Comedy with a Tragic Interlude. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Macmillan. \$1.50.

Dr. Brady is a fluent *raconteur*, and his fund of stories appears never to be exhausted, for which lovers of American history must be glad. This time the incident for description is the attempted sinking of the *Wabash* by the torpedo-boat *David*, and the miscarriage of the plan. There is a woman, of course, and she has two lovers. It would be unfair to hint who is the "little traitor," for the plot is of slender, gossamer texture, which would be rudely torn by even a hint. The narration is in the author's most skilful manner, and the illustrations in color by A. D. Rahn, and decorations, printed in green ink, of southern architecture, add much to the attractiveness of the book.

Brooks—Daughters of Desperation. By Hilda-
gard Brooks. McClure, Phillips, & Co.
\$1.25.

An English story, of the always delightful school of Mr. Anstey. There is more lively and original action and more ingenuity of plot in this rather thin book than in many a three-volume novel. A series of frankly fantastic and absurd situations in which a young man, a dog, a chest of wedding silver, and three charming young women who have become theoretically converted to housebreaking, figure, go to make up a more amusing book than one often encounters. The story is without padding, and it has not a vapid line. The author has a gift for realistic dialogue, no less than for preposterous incident, and has most adroitly executed her unpretentious task. There are some excellent illustrations by Charlotte Harding.

Brudno—The Fugitive. Being Memoirs of a Wanderer in Search of a Home. By Ezra S. Brudno. Doubleday, Page & Co.
\$1.50.

The reality of "The Fugitive" is startling. The reader of this vivid romance feels that not only is it true, but the writer must have lived through many of the experiences he describes, either as actor or spectator. The Jewish massacre at Kieff, the hard lot of the young Lithuanian scholar, the arrival in America and the heartless treatment of the "aristocratic" rabbi of a fashionable congregation, present a burning picture of the cruel fate of this despised "peculiar people," even among the more favored of their own race. The present anti-landlord fights now in progress are only another chapter in this sad history. The love between Israel and the beautiful Gentile Katia, is touchingly described, and the sorrow that comes to one who casts in her lot with a Jew, no matter how beloved.

Burgess and Irwin—The Reign of Queen Isyl. By Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin. Mc-Clure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

This ingenious book shows an unusual talent for construction and prolonging the suspense of the reader. It is rather a pity, therefore, that the fact that it is told in the most extravagant of contemporary slang makes it a book of the moment only, although for the reader, however, it is sure to be a diverting moment. The humor has a flavor of originality, though it is of the newspaper genus.

Daskam—Memoirs of a Baby. By Josephine Daskam. Harper. \$1.50.

To appreciate the humor, which is not altogether of an independent order, of this lively narrative, one must at least have "dipped" into the literature of child-study. This literature, being, in great measure, ponderous without being profound, fussy without being scientific, is likely to be taken either with great seriousness or with great flippancy. And these "Memoirs" are largely made up of parody of more serious narratives on the same theme. There are all the elements of a farce in the group of an impetuous young father, a vapid and charming young mother, an elderly aunt with a mania for child-study, and that conscious centre of interest, a baby. "Binks" conscientiously plays his part in the comedy by declining to do anything more significant than lie on the floor, and his history is largely a narrative of the things he might have done, yet did not. Miss Daskam's versatile wit and particularly neat faculty of characterization by no means fail her here; and it may be unnecessary to suggest that they have elsewhere been displayed to better advantage and in more permanent form, when it must be admitted that these "Memoirs" would both amuse a reader who had never seen a baby and likewise offer the best of reading to those uncounted millions to whom a baby is the most enthralling subject in the universe. Miss Gory's illustrations, or at least those that are concerned with the amiable "Binks," are as amusing as the text.

Goodwin—Four Roads to Paradise. By Maud Wilder Goodwin. Century. \$1.50.

After several successful experiments in historical romance, Mrs. Goodwin has come to her own at last, in her latest book, "Four Roads to Paradise." It is founded on a quotation from the Talmund, "Four men entered Paradise: one beheld and died, one lost his senses, one destroyed the young plants, one only entered in peace."

This gives the outline of the plot which is handled with skill and judgment. Mrs. Goodwin writes clearly and forcibly, and shows herself to be a keen observer with a true understanding of character.

The delineation of character by *types*, and not by abnormal individual examples, as some morbid writers would have us think, makes great literature, and if Mrs. Goodwin's book is not quite high enough to be classed among the great novels of the world, it is yet, a vivid portrayal of real, living people who are good examples of types resulting from the higher social conditions of our extraordinary country.

The story moves slowly and there is much

conversation, which may prove disappointing to those who prefer action to clever talk, and revel in the stirring scenes of "White Aprons" and "Sir Christopher," but it requires more than ordinary ability to succeed with four heroes, a bishop and a clever woman, so that, to those who are interested in the "trade of letters" and in character, Mrs. Goodwin has proved her right to a high place among the novelists of to-day.

Hawtrey—Perronelle. By Valentina Hawtrey. John Lane. \$1.50.

As the first novel of a young writer, "Perronelle" is a very promising piece of work. The scenes are in Paris in the early part of the fifteenth century, and the heroine, from whom the book takes its name, is an almost dowerless girl married to a rich man much her senior. Her dislike for him and her romantic love for the Duke of Orleans, by whom she has a child, is the theme. The sub-plots are skilfully interwoven, but the book would have gained in power had it been shorter. The early portions have an interest which is somewhat dissipated towards the end, when the three hundredth page is in sight.

Jackson—The Horse-Leeches Daughters. By Margaret Doyle Jackson. Houghton. \$1.50.

This is a tale not too importunate of some of the ways of Vanity Fair. The dose may be salutary but it is not palatable. City women in large numbers become increasingly demoralized through extravagance,—even through the craze of mere spending money. The pace of society in this particular is becoming frightfully rapid, and the men, the money-makers, are driven to failure, desperation, dishonesty, and suicide. Therefore the moral of this story, with a ghastly ending, is altogether timely.

Keays—He That Eateth Bread with Me. By H. A. Mitchell Keays. McClure, Phillips, & Co. \$1.50.

We must class this as a serious novel. The book is interesting, emotional, and didactic. The author, unlike too many problem-hunters—or should we say "hunted"?—knows how to tell a story and to depict character. She treats divorce from an unusual point of view, which should interest the public as the standard of a cultivated American woman. Whether the writer makes her point or not each reader must decide. Problems are apt to remain unsolved until they naturally solve themselves.

McCUTCHEON—The Day of the Dog. By George Barr McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

An amusing little story of a man, a woman, and a dog. The first situation has no little artistic excellence; Mr. McCutcheon and the dog have ingeniously "treed," as it were, the hero and heroine into a tête-à-tête transaction of legal business while sitting on a rafter of the barn; this is both novel and pleasing; but the other adventures one does n't believe. Mrs. Delancy may have deluded the hero into thinking

that a relentless fate forced her to go through mud and water with him, but the reader knows better; the young widow simply enjoyed Mr. Crosby's society and wished to go along too. Short as the book is, Mr. McCutcheon should have made it shorter and dropped the story when he dropped the dog.

"The Day of the Dog" is much embellished by Mr. Harrison Fisher's excellent color illustrations and also by the decorations of Helen and Margaret Armstrong. It is a mere detail, but owing to a difference in millinery ideals between Mr. Fisher and Miss Armstrong, the heroine is forced to change her hat while being carried over a stream.

Paine—The Commuters. By Albert Bigelow Paine. J. F. Taylor & Co. \$1.50.

A very agreeably written "idyll" of the suburban house and garden, with various side-lights on the iniquities of such handicraftsmen as make these treasures possible. It may easily be objected that this kind of thing has been done before, but Mr. Paine has a fashion of his own, individual enough, doubtless, to justify his book, of expressing the almost universal hunger for a hearth and a strip of sod. He who himself reluctantly bears the invidious title of "commuter" may read this simple narrative with no fear of encountering flippancy or ridicule. His concerns are treated with kindly sympathy and sentiment rather than with disagreeable gaiety, and he may cordially admit the book to the most suburban of centre-tables.

Peple—A Broken Rosary. By Edward Peple. John Lane, publisher. \$1.50.

This is a crimson- and purple-tinted tale of a woman, a jealous lover, and a priest. The writer has talent; the story is vivid and lively; the characters are distinct, if unworthy. But his aim is not high, he is satisfied with cheap effects and with intolerably lurid language. This last is a pity because the gift of style is there and a little self-restraint and economy would have given the story dignity. It is not the office of criticism to suggest that a book should be another book; but it is only a compliment to the author's popular and enthusiastic style, to wish that his subject had been worthier and his English more temperate. The pictures are by Scutson Clark. They are in tints of orange and black, and are of the poster school.

Rogers—Peace and the Vices. By Anna A. Rogers. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

A cleverly written yet serious novel of American naval life, the scene of which is laid partly in Japan. The theme is the steady influence which war and danger have on a certain type of man, who in peace is subjected to all sorts of temptation. The particular temptation of Kent Fellowes was wine, and his struggle against the vice and its effect on his official life form the basis of the story.

Shafer—The Day before Yesterday. By Andrew Shafer. Macmillan Co. \$1.50. This is a pleasant, quiet, loving picture of child-life in a village. Mrs. Shafer asserts that a

village (and her village in particular) is the ideal place to be a child, and she certainly makes out a good case. Rachel is a very Maggie Tulliver in her wildness, her quick temper, and her fertile invention of mischief; her brother Dick is a more attractive boy than Tom—a true and manly little fellow.

The village is described with homely and delicate feeling. The culture of the inhabitants is thus pleasantly reflected: "Their manners were without pretence, their speech pure, and their lives were like their English—simple, direct, and unpolluted."

It is an attractive book for those in their teens, and for those who would like to go back to their teens for an hour.

Townsend—"Sure." By Edward W. Townsend. Dodd, Mead & Co. 75 cts.

It may be honestly said that those who enjoyed the genuine, if not subtle, humor of the earlier "Chimmie Fadden" stories, will find precisely the same qualities in this slender volume of new ones. Mr. Townsend is a reliable humorist and the contemporary Chimmie has as fresh and spontaneous an air as though he were a new invention. The education of the "Little Duke," James Napoleon Emmet Fadden, is one of the concerns of this volume, and the drama of the present, politics in New York, and automobiles are among the many subjects that come under sprightly discussion.

Von Hutton—Araby. By Baroness Von Hutton. Smart Set Publishing Co. \$1.00. A well-done story, after its kind, which is the kind of John Oliver Hobbes. Even the characters are those with whom Mrs. Craigie has long made us familiar. There is a hard artificiality about the story and even Araby's suicide, because she could not marry Yelverton, seems less tragic than if the previous atmosphere of the narrative had been real, rather than consciously "clever." "Araby" is of the dimensions of a novellette, or long short-story.

Wells and Taber—The Gordon Elopement. By Carolyn Wells and Harry Persons Taber. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25.

A well-executed little farce in which the Gordons, a young married couple who elope to escape a continuation of "company," are really subordinated to the romantic adventures of Ethel Martin, the young lady from Columbus. The scene is an uninhabited summer hotel in an unlivied-in part of Maine, and the most interesting characters are perhaps Aunt Zip and her "dog of intellect." The story has no padding, and the scenes of the nonsensical little comedy follow each other thick and fast. The humor is in implication rather than statement, in situation rather than in phrase. It ought to provide an agreeable half-hour.

HISTORY

Boas—in Shakspere's England. By Mrs. Frederick Boas. J. Pott & Co. \$1.50. Agreeable popular sketches of Queen Elizabeth and the most eminent men of her time—

Bacon, Sidney, Raleigh, Burghley, Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare, and others—of life in London and the country, the schools and universities, etc. The book is well illustrated with portraits.

Fischer—William II. and his Consort. By Henry W. Fischer. Fischer.

These two volumes purport to offer a "secret history of the court of Berlin from the papers and diaries extending over a period beginning June, 1888, to the spring of 1898, of Ursula, Countess von Eppinghoven, Dame du Palais to Her Majesty, the Empress Queen," written by Henry W. Fischer. The narrative is devoid of dignity or real interest and abounds in petty vulgarities and malicious insinuations of the most offensive kind.

Fortier—A History of Louisiana. By Alcée Fortier. In four volumes. Manzi, Joyant & Co. Library Edition, \$60.

This "History of Louisiana" is really more than a history of Louisiana; it is the history of the United States at the time of the Louisiana Purchase, and is a valuable addition to American history, with side glances at the European history of the period, or that much of it relating to America. There is a collection of portraits in these volumes that is absolutely unique. Not every portrait can be described as unpublished, but enough of them were never before reproduced to give the book a special interest and value. There are three editions, all of them limited; the one on parchment is very limited—not more than fifty sets.

Hulbert—Military Roads of the Mississippi Basin. By A. B. Hulbert. Cincinnati: A. H. Clark Co. \$2.50 net.

Vol. VIII. of the 16-volume work on the "Historic Highways of America," and tracing the routes of the armies that were followed in the conquest of the West by Lewis, Clark, St. Clair, Wayne, and others.

Murdoch-Yamagata—The History of Japan During Early Foreign Intercourse (1542-1651). By James Murdoch, M.A., in collaboration with Issoh Yamagata. Tokio. I. Yamagata, Hongo, Tokio, Japan.

This is one of the books of the century in the historical literature treating of Japan, for it is the fruit of long years of research, not alone in the British Museum, but in the country itself. The careful examination of historical documents has been made by a native of Japan co-operating with a Scottish scholar, himself well versed in the language and literature of the island empire. With admirable patience, lively diction, and considerable dramatic skill, Mr. Murdoch has told the story of that mighty clash between Japanese and European thought and civilization, represented chiefly by the Portuguese and Spaniards, which resulted in the rejection by Japan of what was alien and the isolation of the Mikado's empire from the world. Professor Murdoch does indeed tell of the Dutch and English, but his main thread of narrative concerns itself with the influences and personages from southern Europe, and of

the phenomena of Japanese political and social life as modified by the missionaries and merchants from the Iberian peninsula.

On the literary side, he is open to criticism in his use of slang and employment of English which is not yet, to say the least, classical. There is a good index and abundance of colored maps. The reader will find in this volume a mass of well-sifted matter, which makes its presence in the library a necessity. Certainly a course of reading in Mr. Murdoch's book and in some of the more strictly economic papers in the "Transactions of the Asiatic Society in Japan" would greatly improve the quality of trustworthiness in the average publication on Japan.

Thwaites—Rocky Mountain Exploration. By Reuben Gold Thwaites. Appleton. \$1.25 net.

A volume of the series on "The Expansion of the Republic," with special reference to the expedition of Lewis and Clark; with illustrations and maps. The book is well suited for popular reading, including the young people.

OUT-OF-DOOR BOOKS

André—A Naturalist in the Guianas. By Eugène André, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., M.S.A. Scribner. \$3.50 net.

An account of journeys up the Caura, an almost unexplored affluent of the Orinoco. Threading one's way through the heavy tropical undergrowth of the great Venezuelan forests, where dank vapors arise from the rotting vegetation, sleeping in fever-haunted regions, shooting rapids in native dug-outs, make a very different thing from the safe and comfortable realm of nature study as we know it. Of the fourteen whom Mr. André took with him in his ascent of the Caura, six of the natives perished and the survivors, including Mr. André himself, returned to the little native hamlet nearly dead from starvation. Although there is much adventure, the hardships are neither dwelt upon nor enhanced; the author is a naturalist before all. While his chief interest lies in the orchids, birds, and small mammals, there are notes on all sorts and conditions of life,—curious manners and customs of the natives, fascinating accounts of the hunting ants' military tactics, of the marvellous instinct of the palm-beetle, who, whenever a palm-tree is cut down, no matter at what distance, finds it out and lays her eggs in the juicy pulp on which the larvae feed: "The word instinct," observes Mr. André, "is applied to those attributes of animal life superior to our own qualification in some particular direction and consequently beyond our understanding,"—the best and most respectful definition of instinct we remember to have seen.

Atkinson—Mushrooms. By George Francis Atkinson. Henry Holt & Co. \$3.00.

A new edition of an elaborate work by Professor Atkinson of Cornell University. The book has many illustrations from photographs, in addition to colored plates, and is

further supplemented by chapters on the "Chemistry and Toxicology of Mushrooms," by J. F. Clark and on "Recipes for Cooking Mushrooms," by Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer. The addition of various purely practical chapters makes this book a complete manual on a fascinating subject.

Hancock—Physical Training for Women by Japanese Methods. By H. Irving Hancock. Putnam. \$1.25.

In Japan, it would seem, Frailty's name is no longer Woman. Given the same height and weight, the woman is physically the peer of the man, and this excellent condition of things is due to the physical training which they have enjoyed from babyhood.

The author, who has been trained in "jiu-jitsu" under noted Japanese teachers, gives here a thoroughly lucid and interesting exposition of this admirable Japanese system of physical culture. There must be two contestants in the jiu-jitsu bouts, the "assailant" and the "victim," as Mr. Hancock terms them. In spite of these belligerent terms there is nothing of wicked and inelegant pugilism in this system of attack and defence; it is a carefully arranged, progressive training in resistant muscle-work, leading the pupil by easy stages from the simpler preliminary exercises to feats of acrobatic expertness. One is glad to see that Mr. Hancock insists on the wisdom and necessity of gradual attainment; muscular strength cannot be prepared in one minute, like a patent breakfast-food.

The book is profusely illustrated and the photographs of the two women-students engaged in the various jiu-jitsu exercises are very graceful and should prove alluring. It is a book which any woman may well mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

Hecker—Golf for Women. By Genevieve Hecker (Mrs. Charles T. Stout), with a chapter by Rhona K. Adair. The Bates Taylor Co. \$2.00.

A clear-headed, straightforward, thoroughly readable exposition of Golf for Women. Mrs. Stout's lofty position as champion commands for her the devout attention, not only of the golfing sisterhood, but also of the golfing world; she speaks as one having authority. The illustrations are many and enlightening; there are "snap-shots" of the author showing the "top" of swing, the "finish," the "follow-through," photographs showing the wrist action in driving, the hands in position for the various "grips"—all of which will be reverently studied by feminine golfers in this "Science and Health and a Key" to the Royal and Ancient Game. Miss Adair, the English and Irish champion, has added a chapter, giving her "Impressions of American Golf."

How to Make a Flower Garden. Doubleday. \$1.60 net.

This is a compilation of articles from various pens which have appeared from time to time in *Country Life in America*. The book is beautifully and copiously illustrated by photographs—the illustrations, in fact, are its

better half, for there is little noteworthy in the text, although the chapters on the Japanese Garden, on Mosquitoes and the Water Garden, on the Pruning of Roses, and a few others are good. The amateur, however, will probably find here many practical suggestions for garden and greenhouse work (albeit sometimes but lamely expressed) and the short lists at the back of the book of trees and shrubs and flowers for various purposes will undoubtedly be helpful and suggestive, but it seems a pity to encourage the innocent and helpless enthusiast to go on planting the "ten most popular shrubs" when they are already as prevalent as the cannon in the way of the Light Brigade; there is no more necessarily intrinsic excellence in the "most popular shrub" than there is in the "most popular novel."

Miller—With the Birds in Maine. By Olive Thorne Miller. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.10.

It is not even necessary to be, specifically, a "bird-lover" to get pleasure from this very agreeable volume of Mrs. Miller's, the fruit of ten years' observation of the birds on and near the Maine coast. The author's well-known virtues of perfect sincerity and a certain intimate grace of style which make her a no less readable than trustworthy naturalist, shine conspicuously here. An excellent companion for a summer in the country, particularly as the author explains that the birds she has described, though studied in Maine, are common for the most part to all the eastern and Middle States.

Niles—Bog-Trotting for Orchids. By Grace Greylock Niles. Putnam. \$2.50.

That the orchid, beyond all other flowers, inspires in its collectors a veritable passion—"a love passing the love of women"—is again exemplified in this record of tireless and indefatigable "Bog-Trotting." Miss Niles's faithful and minute account of her search for orchids in the sphagnum bogs and the marshes of the Hoosac Valley will be of much interest to orchid-lovers; and to those at all familiar with the region she describes it may also inspire with this ruling passion, but it is a bold spirit who will go and do likewise, for the perilous footing in the orchid-haunts is a very different thing from botanizing by the roadside with a How-to-Know book. The book is excellently illustrated by photographs and colored plates, and is further equipped with a classified list of New England orchids: many readers will be surprised at the number and variety of orchids in this region.

There is a certain naïveté, not unattractive, in Miss Niles's writing—she thinks it worth while to inform the reader in footnotes that *Sabina* and *Comus* may be found in Milton's "*Comus*"; that certain well-worn lines are from "*L'Allegro*." There are also occasional provincialisms; but the author has that intense love for her subject to which much in the way of literary errors may be forgiven. In books of nature study, if one may not have everything, a real love, backed by information at first hand, is infinitely preferable to literary

excellence with more uncertainty of matter; and Miss Niles has written a book which will be of real value to the orchid-lover and of interest to many others.

"The highest lands of Berkshire's noble hills
Shall sweetly ring with song and louder trills;
And many a spring within the Bellows dumb
Shall swell and flow with swift, yet soothing
hum."

Scollard—Footfarings. By Clinton Scollard. George William Browning, Clinton, N. Y. \$1.25.

A rather dainty book in its blue-gray cover is this of Mr. Scollard's. The chapters, "In Search of the Lady's Slipper," "Where the Wild Phlox Blows," and the others are each prefaced by a short poem which one confesses to liking far better than the prose. Mr. Scollard's verse has occasionally a real charm but in the prose-poems for which the brief chapters seem designed, his "achievement lacks" a gracious somewhat." There is pretty imagery and sometimes a graceful turn of thought, but the prose is too alliterative to be good prose, too intentionally poetical; it is frequently marred by a strained or unusual use of a word—a practice harmless enough or even commendable if the words seem spontaneous, but they appear instead to have been brought in by dint of persuasion. These things give an effect of effort and self-consciousness.

The art of nature-writing,—in which Mr. James Lane Allen is a master,—the delicacy and melody and charm which, through the printed page, is able to create for us another atmosphere, to bring us in touch with the greenness and witchery of the out-of-door world,—this, it is true, may be for the writer what Mr. Mantalini called "dem'd grind," but it must look like the "fine careless rapture."

Sharp—A Watcher in the Woods. By Dallas Lore Sharp. Century Co. \$1.50.

A thoroughly delightful little book. Anyone who has seen Mr. Sharp's "*Wild Life Near Home*," or his papers on bird-life in the *Atlantic*, is aware not only that he writes charmingly, but that he knows whereof he speaks; his is not idealization, but an intimate and faithful picture of the life of the shy wood-folk. No less an authority than Mr. John Burroughs considers Mr. Sharp the best of all the recent nature writers. The present little volume comprises a selection of chapters from the "*Wild Life*" and is intended, so the publishers' note informs one, to furnish supplementary reading to the nature study in schools. Undoubtedly it will be appreciated by teachers and scholars. It is a philistine view, but one wishes that a child might read Mr. Sharp's fascinating pages curled up on a window-seat on a rainy day, make friends for himself with that delightful coterie of frogs and toads, white mice and squirrels, see the rabbits at play and the muskrats carefully washing their calamus supper, and be unblest by the virtuous consciousness of accomplishing "nature study."

Ward—Minute Marvels of Nature. By John J. Ward. Crowell. \$1.60.

Glimpses into the beginnings of plant and animal life as seen under the microscope, highly magnified photographs of structures as widely differing as the cell tissue of the beech stem and the feathered ear of a water boatman, insect weapons, and many other interesting minutiae of nature are in Mr. Ward's readable book. The lay reader will be relieved to find that the book, although informing, is beautifully free from scientific terms; it is also very adequately illustrated.

Wheelock—Birds of California. By Irene Grosvenor Wheelock. McClurg. \$2.50.

Of pocketbook size, and very attractive in its cover of dark green limp leather, is this handbook of Mrs. Wheelock's. Aside from such corporeal excellences it is quite above the ordinary run of the "How-to-Know" publications. The classification—according to color and habitat—should make identification easy for him who has much love and little ornithology. Although the book is interesting reading wherever one chances to open it, the author is by no means romancing for the pleasure of accomplishing pretty nature writing; the notes on the different birds are full of those keen and faithful observations which mean on the part of the author years of patient study. Especially interesting to the naturalist will be Mrs. Wheelock's notes on the nesting season and the custom she finds almost universal in the bird parents of providing their babies during a greater or lesser period of infancy with homemade pre-digested food; this is the way the Brandt Cormorant babies are treated. "The mother squats at the side of the nest and immediately four or five long black necks are stretched up like fingers of a black kid glove split at the end. These wave helplessly about, until she selects one and thrusts her bill far down the split, which is the throat of the young. She then violently shakes the baby, thereby emptying the food from her mouth into his." It is a pity to take these cormorants as a sample of the book; they are the ugliest of all bird-infants, but the passage gives a good idea of the curious and rather alarming process of regurgitation.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Austin—The Land of Little Rain. By Mary Austin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00. Rare is the season that can offer a book of the

unostentatious perfection of Mrs. Austin's. These desert studies, which are concerned with nature itself, with animals, and with types of Huacan character, are, of course, first of all, the outgrowth of an intimate knowledge. But this is not their only virtue, for a chance impression is often more eloquently descriptive than a catalogue. The greatest pleasure to be had, probably, from this most unusual and unhackneyed book is in the author's admirable style. Most people who have written of this western country have done so in the language of the poster. Mrs. Austin's prose is as subdued as though she were describing a pastoral, yet its vividness and reality no less than its genuine beauty are beyond praise. Each page, each paragraph, tempts to inordinate quotation. In its crisp restraint the style is suggestive of that better-known stylist, Alice Meynell, though an extended comparison might not wholly accrue to Mrs. Meynell's advantage. Mrs. Austin's work ranks above mere description, for she has the genius to interpret, and her book ought long to hold a classic place.

Rittner—Impressions of Japan. By Geo. H. Rittner. James Pott & Co. \$3.00.

It could hardly be otherwise, in the general ebullition of contemporaneous interest in Japan, than that some printed scum should rise to the surface. Here is an attractive volume, dressed out in all the good paper, handsome print, rich illustration, and general comeliness of English handicraft, with gilt edge and index, also, which do but serve to enlarge the contrast between matter and manner. The author, who seems to be absolutely ignorant of Japan's history and the actual condition of things before the coming of the foreigners, believes that Japanese art has undergone profound deterioration, and this he tries to explain in a way peculiarly his own. He writes some interesting chapters on the natural beauties of the country and the habits of the people, but in a style that reminds one most curiously of books on Japan written forty years ago. In the last half of his book, he shows that all these dreadful steps of degradation are to be laid to the charge of the abominable missionaries and the wretched foreigners. He makes statements which knock all Japanese history and chronology into "pi," and his notions of the reality of the condition of things in the days of hermit and feudal Japan are those rather of a child than a man.

The Critic

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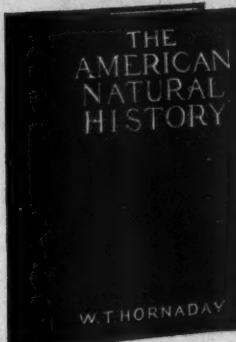
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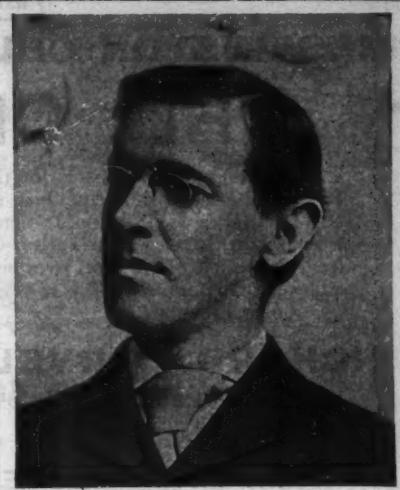
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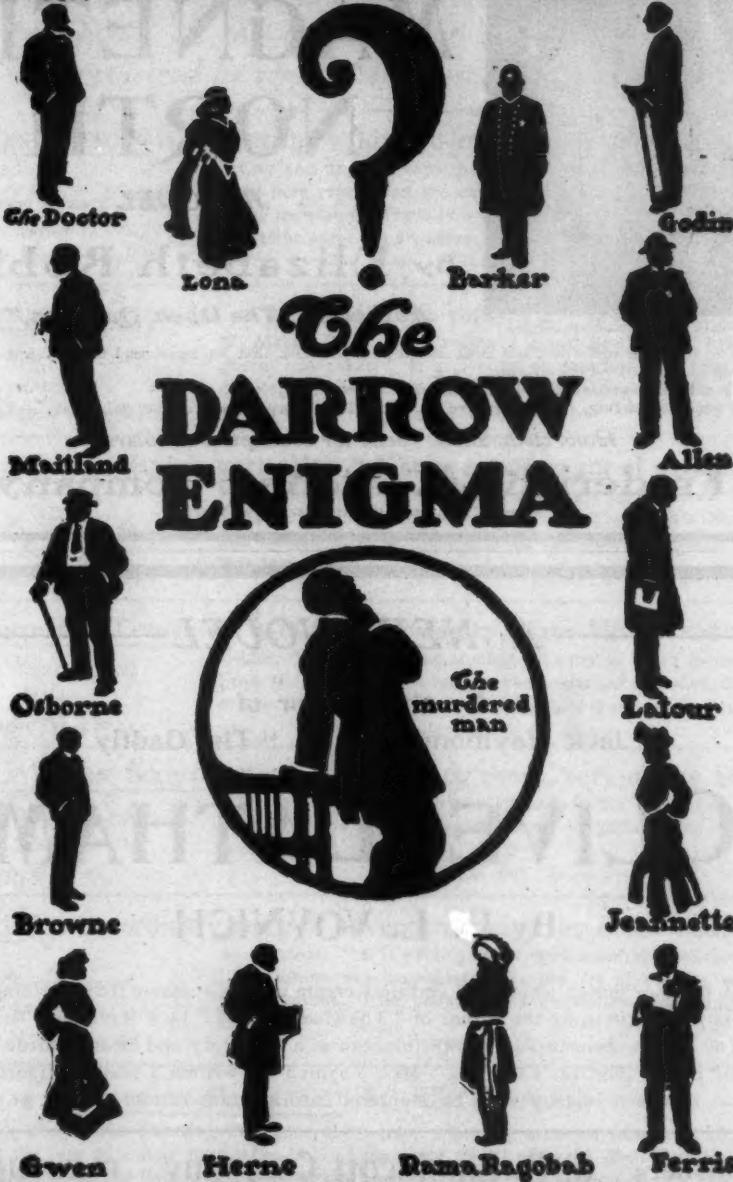
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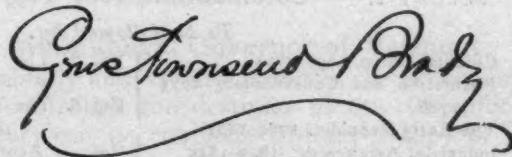
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 Pearson (Henry Greenleaf), The Life of John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts. 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$5.00.
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 Dodge (Theodore Ayrault), Great Captains: Napoleon. 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$4.00 per vol.
 Elson (Henry William), History of the United States of America. Macmillan. \$1.75.
 Montgomery (D. H.), An Elementary American History. Ginn & Co.
 Sanborn (Frank B.), New Hampshire. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.10.
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 Baker (Albert Rufus, M.D.), Coughs, Colds, and Cataracts. A. H. Clark Co. 50 cents.
 Baxter (Sylvester), Edwin A. Abbey's Conception of the Holy Grail. Curtis & Cameron. \$1.50.
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 Callaway (Frances Bennett), Charm and Courtesy in Conversation. Dodd, Mead & Co. 85 cents.
 de Molinari (G.), The Society of To-Morrow: A Forecast of its Political and Economic Organisation. Putnam. \$1.50.
 de Tavera (T. H. Pardo), Biblioteca Filipina. Government Printing Office.
 Dow (Joy Wheeler), American Renaissance. W. T. Comstock. \$4.00.
 Edited by Fletcher (W. I.), and Bowker (R. R.). The Annual Literary Index, 1903. Office of the Publisher's Weekly.
 Gaze (Harry), How to Live Forever. Stockham Pub. Co. \$1.25.
 Edited by George (Marian M.), How to Sleep. A. Flanagan Co. 50 cents.
 Editors, Gilman (Daniel Coit, LL.D.), Peck (Harry Thurston, Ph.D., L.H.D.), Colby (Frank Moore, M.A.), The New International Encyclopedia. Vols. XV., XVI., XVII. Dodd, Mead & Co.
 Gilman (Charlotte Perkins), Human Work. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.
 Iverach (James M.A., D.D.), Descartes, Spinoza, and the New Philosophy. Edited by Smeaton (Ollphant). Scribner. \$1.25.
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 Roosevelt (Theodore), The Roosevelt Book. Scribner, Smith (David Eugene, Ph.D.), Primary Arithmetic. Ginn & Co.
 Edited by Stedman, (Edmund C.), and Stedman (Thomas L.), The Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe. W. R. Jenkins.
 Strong (Josiah), Editor Social Progress. Baker & Taylor. \$1.00.
 Thwing (Charles F., LL.D.), College Training and the Business Man. Appleton. \$1.00.
 Tolman (Dr. William H.), and Hemstreet (Charles), The Better New York. Baker & Taylor. \$2.00.
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 Walton (Izaak), and Cotton (Charles), The Complete Angler. Appleton. \$1.50.
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 White (Mary), How to do Beadwork. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.00.

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Thaxter (Celia), An Island Garden. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

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Compiled under the direction of Griffin (A. P. C.), Select List of References on Chinese Immigration. Government Printing Office.
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Pickard (Samuel T.), Whittier-Land. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.
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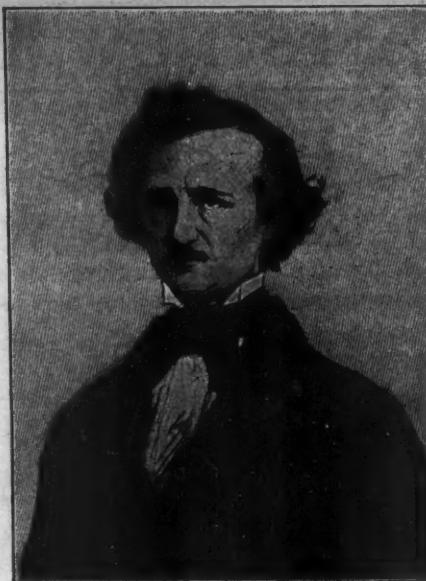
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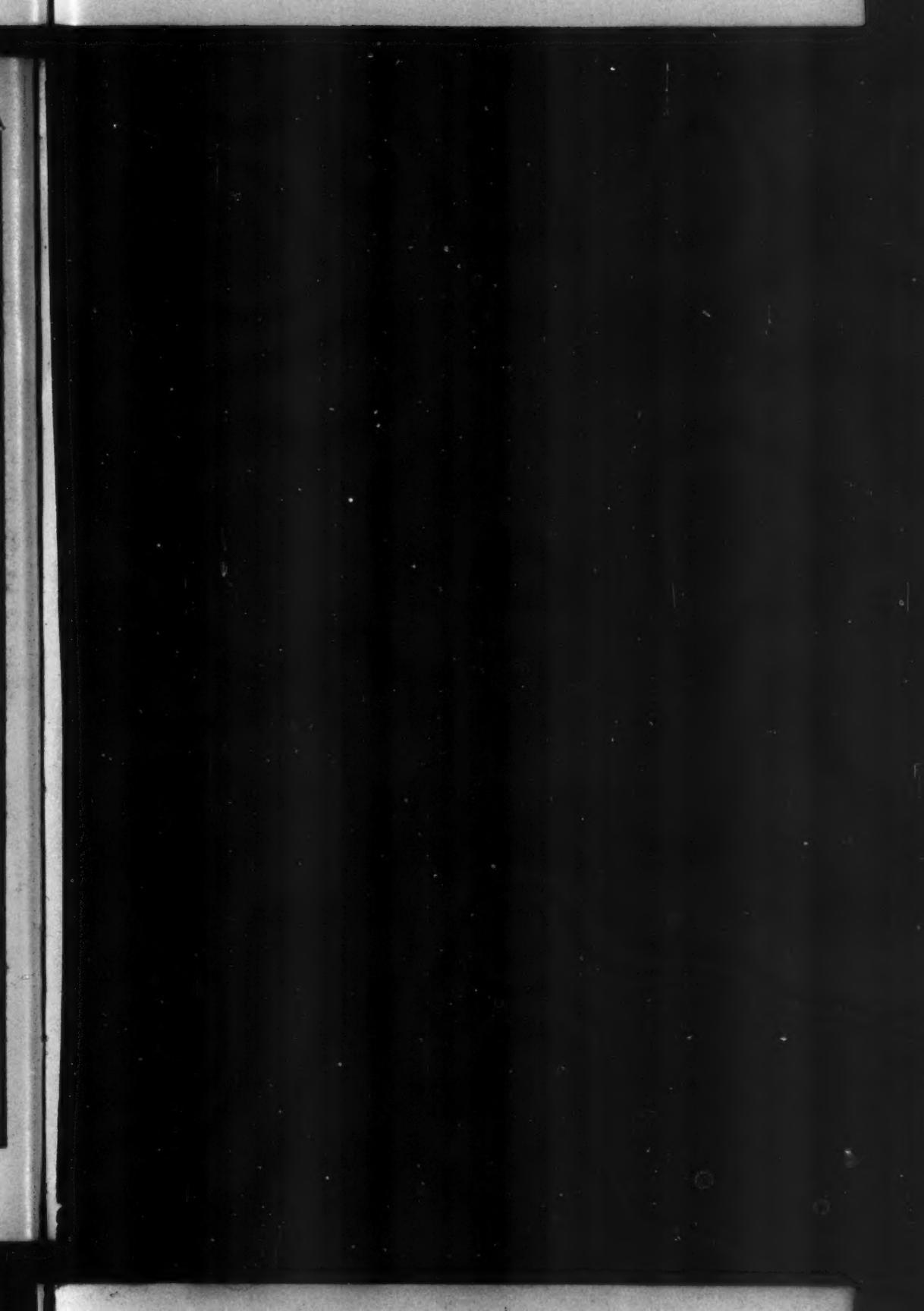
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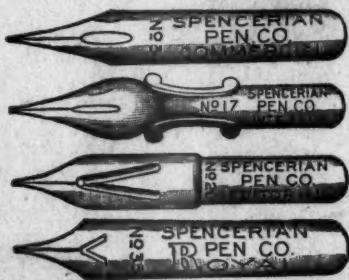
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